



07

30 DAYS OF NIGHT

EBEN & STELLA™



30 DAYS OF NIGHT

E B E N & S T E L L A TM



30 DAYS OF NIGHT: EBEN & STELLA

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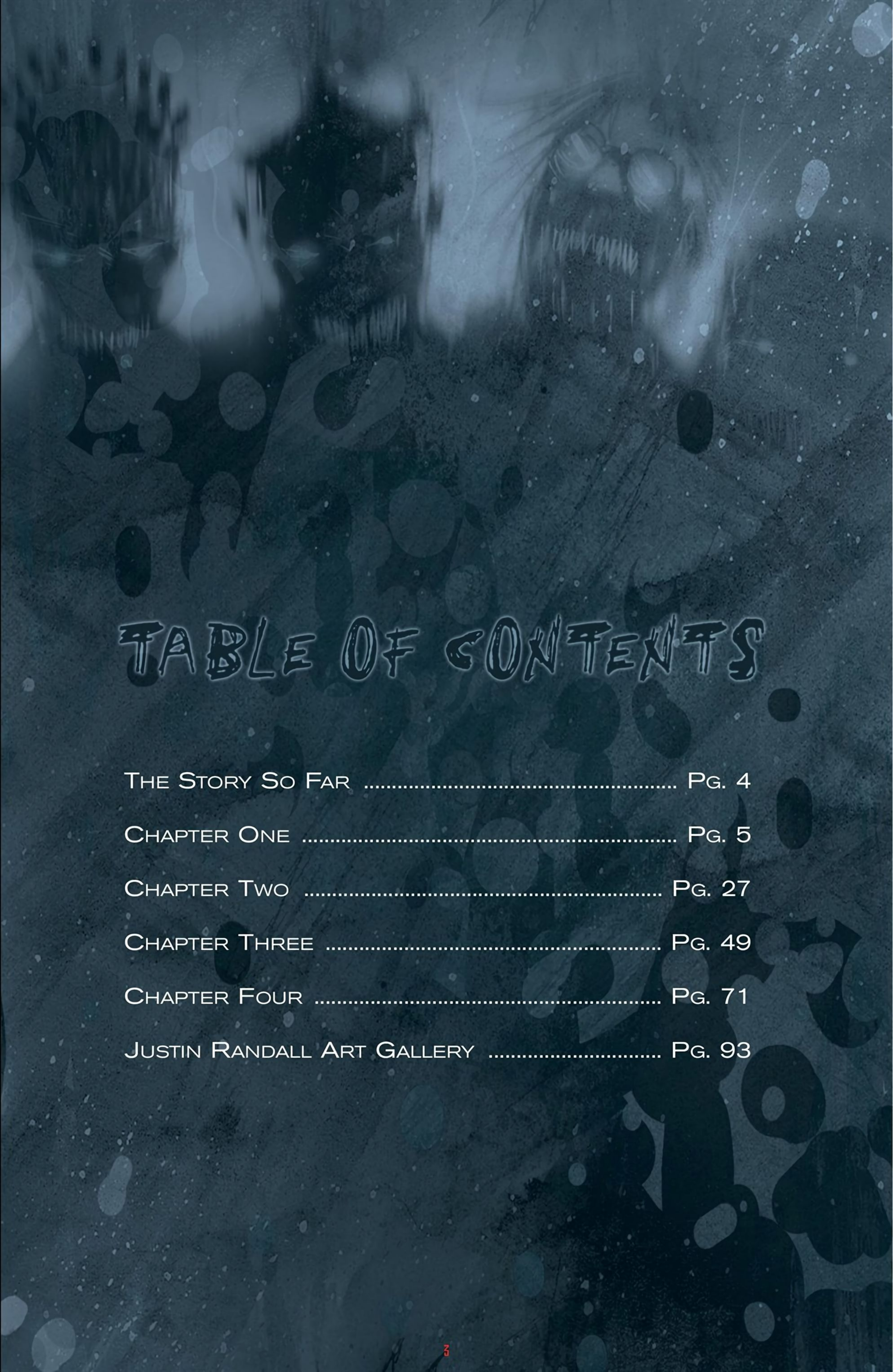


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THE STORY SO FAR...

Once a year in Barrow, Alaska the sun fails to rise for a month. In November of 2001, the promise of that darkness was too much to resist and a band of vampires descended upon the town, decimating the population. Stella Olemaun survived, but when her husband, Sheriff Eben Olemaun was infected, he chose suicide over the life as a blood-sucking monster.

Stella wrote a book about the tragedy in Barrow, but the world (and her publishers) refused to believe her story. At her big release in Los Angeles, Stella learned that *30 Days of Night* was to be marketed as fiction. She persisted, determined to bring the existence of blood fiends into the light, but when the vampire queen offered her Eben's remains—and the means to revive him—in exchange for the evidence of their existence, Stella relented. She set aside her better judgment and shed her own blood to bring her beloved back to world of the living. Never one to stray too far from reason, however, she made sure to kill the queen first.



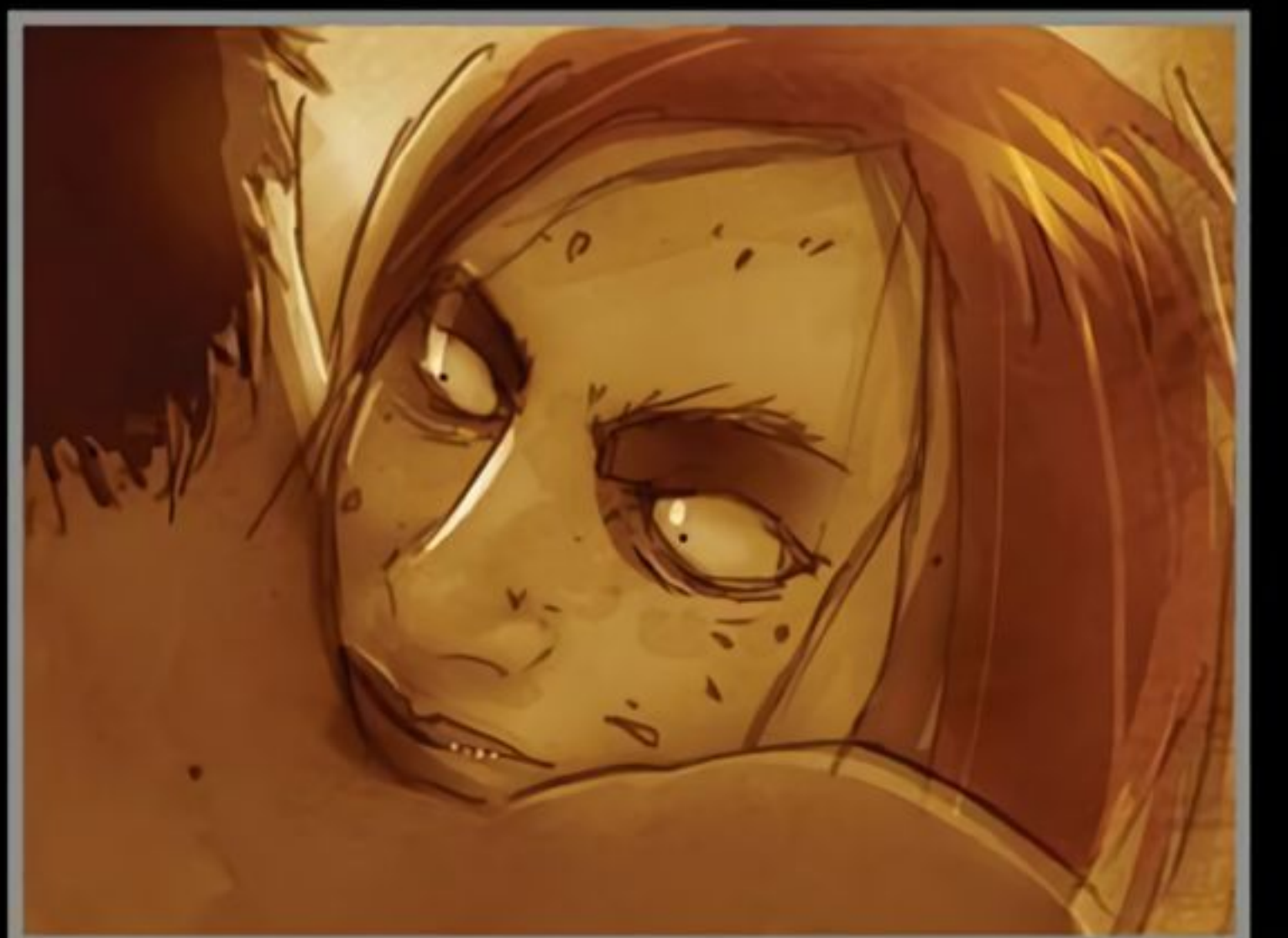
AHHHHH

HOW PERFECT. OF COURSE
IT WOULD COME TO THIS.

I THOUGHT I WAS SO SMART.

I THOUGHT I HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT.

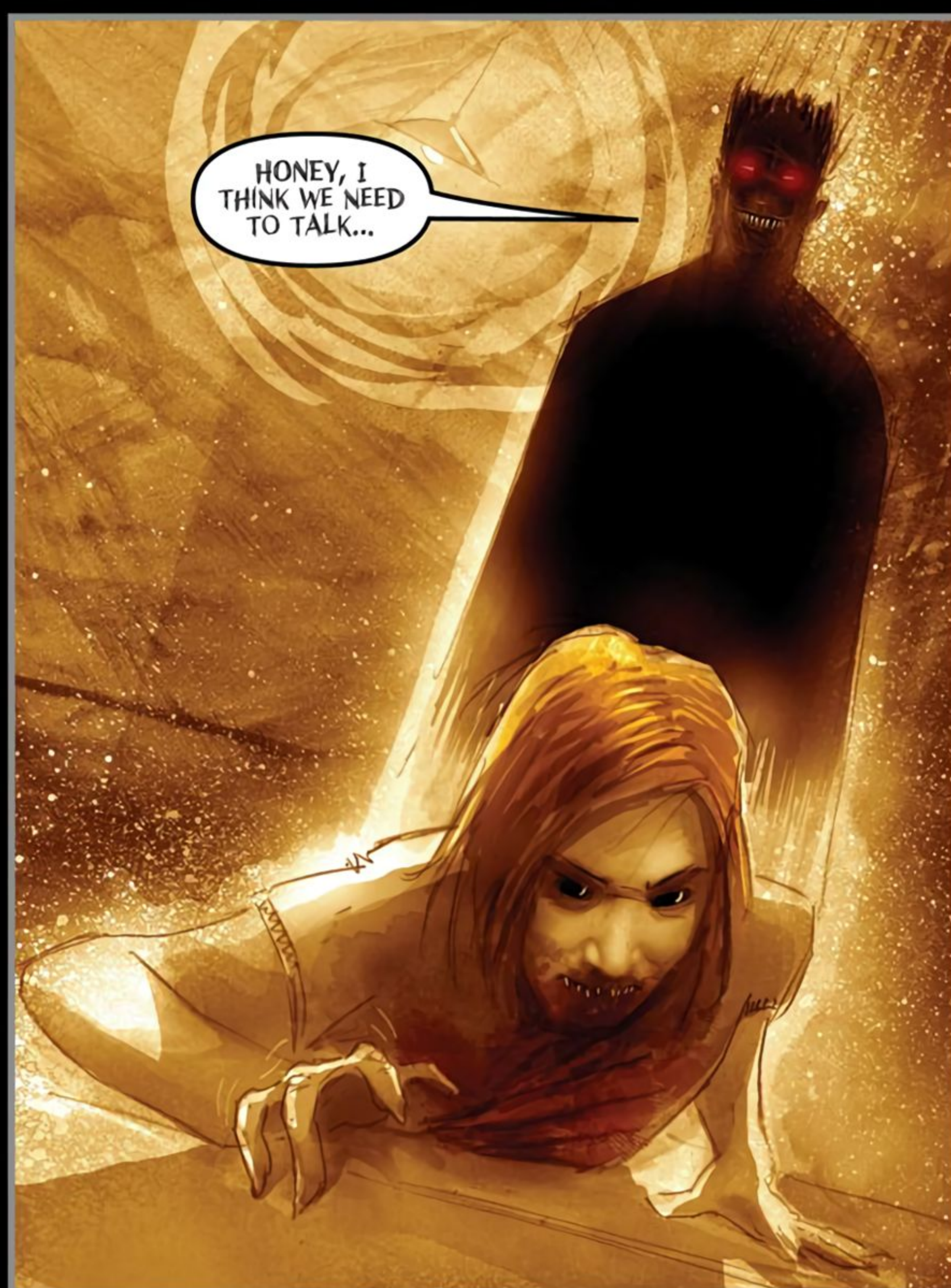




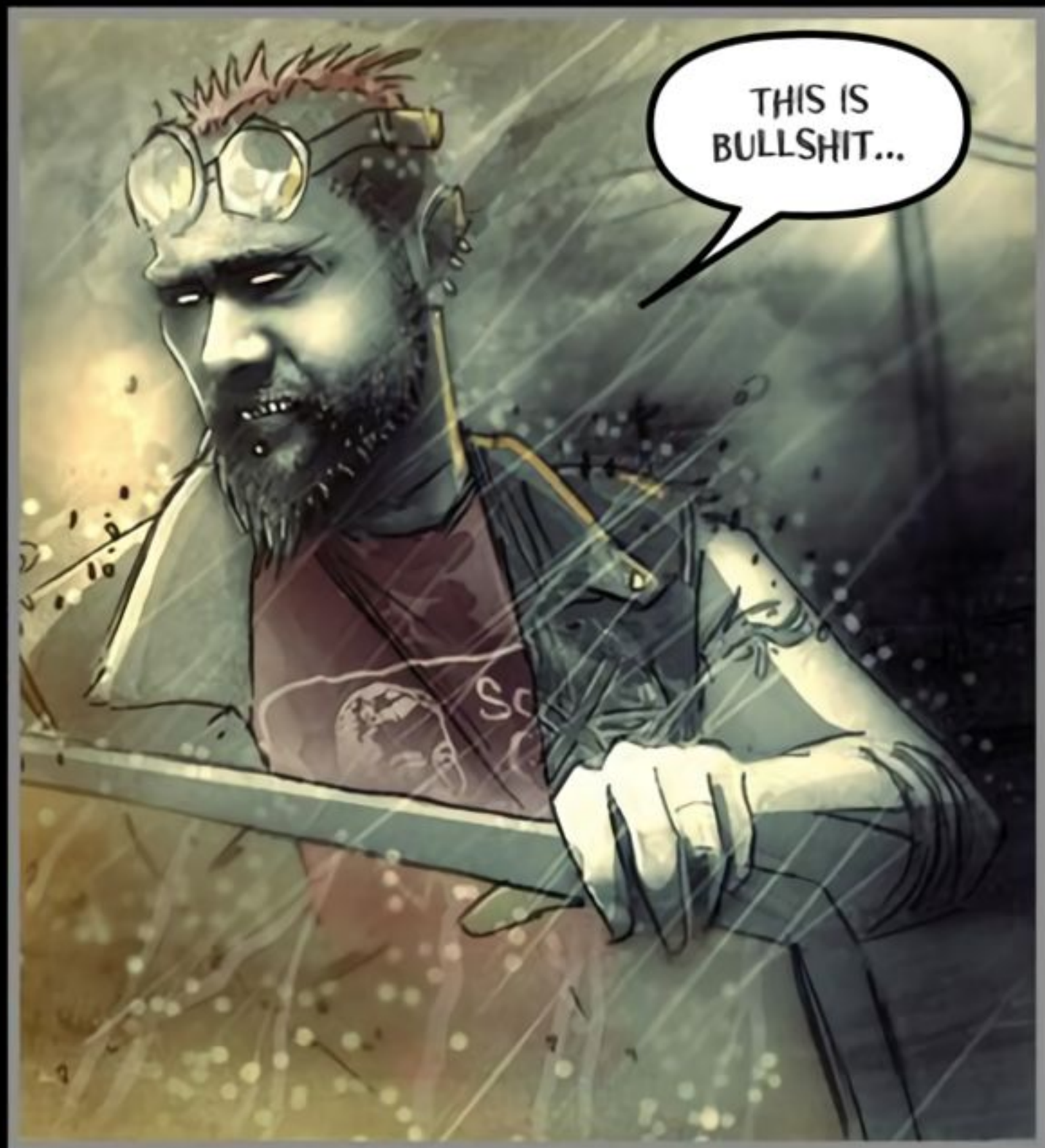


FUNNY THAT I WAS EVER NAIVE
ENOUGH TO IMAGINE IT COULD
COME TO ANYTHING BUT THIS.













HEH
HEH HEH

MONSIEUR
DICKWEED, SIR!
MAY I POUR YOU
A COLD ONE?



TODD, YOU
FUCKTARD...!



HEY!
DON'T CALL
ME THAT.

DUDE, YOU
SAID YOU
WOULDN'T CALL
HIM THAT.



I DID NOT!
I SAID I WOULDN'T
CALL HIM A FUCKTARD
IF HE DIDN'T ACT LIKE
A FUCKTARD—

LOOKIT!











THAT'S RIGHT...
COME TO JESUS,
YOU **ARROGANT**
PRICKS...



COME
OOON...



YES! I GOT
YOU! I GOT
YOU, YOU ARE
K-FUCKED!

GOT
WHO?



ONLY THE
NEXT WAVE OF
BLOODSUCKERS!

I-I KNEW YOU'D
BE MAD. BUT I **FOUND**
THEM! IT'S LIKE—IT'S LIKE
PROOF! WELL, OKAY,
ALMOST—

TH-THEY'RE USING
THE **WET**, ALL RIGHT?
OKAY, LOOK, THE **QUEEN**
IS **DEAD** AND NOW
THERE'S THIS **NEW**
GIRL AND SHE WANTS
TO BE **QUEEN—**



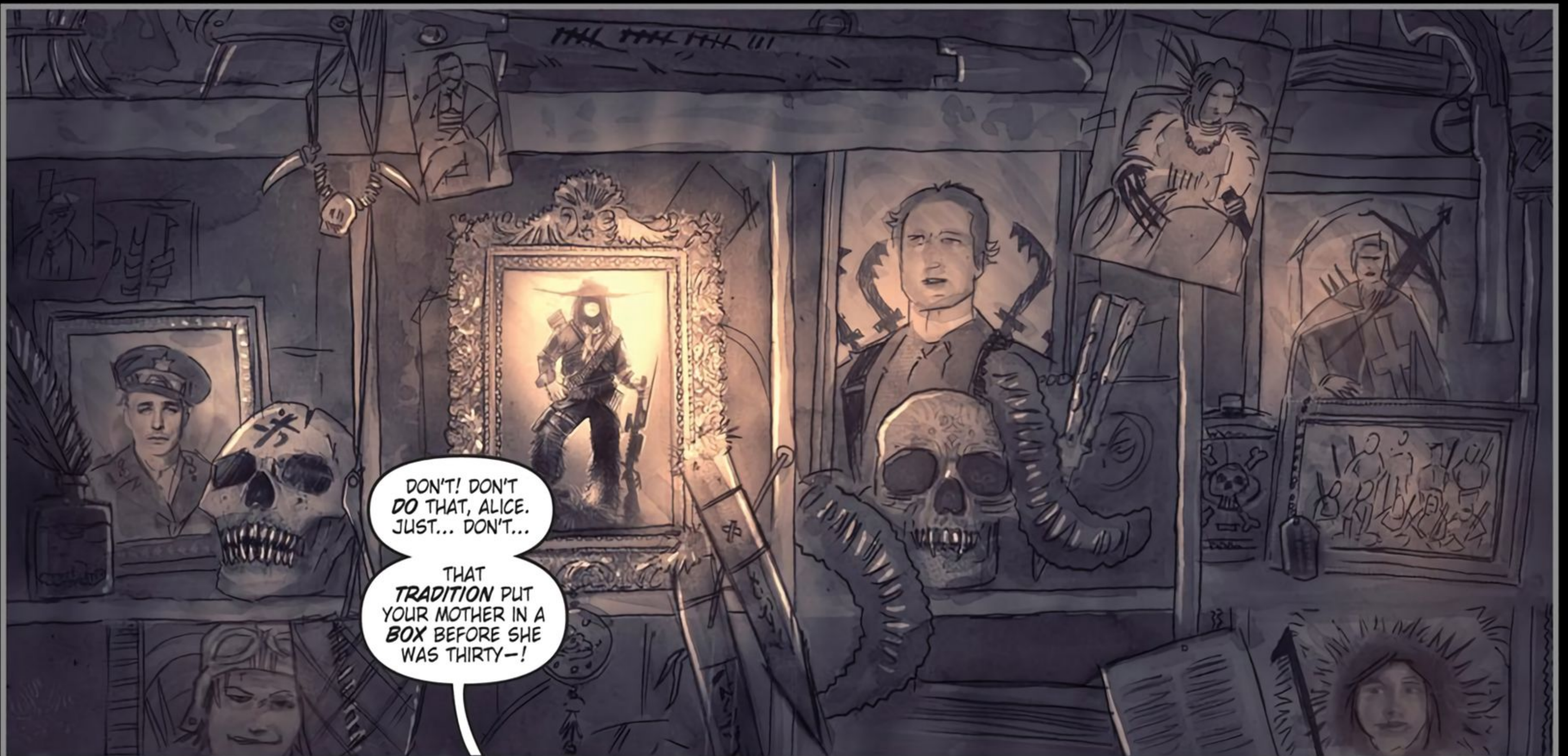
UH-HUH

YEAH! A-AND
SHE'S GOT THIS
CREW—THEY THINK
THEY CAN **HACK**, BUT
THEY **SUCK**—NO
PUN INTENDED...



WAIT!

LISTEN! SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING! SHE'S
YOUNG, RIGHT? BUT SHE'S
GOT SOMETHING THE OTHERS
WANT—SOMETHING SHE'S
GONNA USE TO TAKE
THE **THRONE—**





NEXT WAVE.
NEXT WAVE, NOT
NEW WAVE,
ALRIGHT?
YOU LISTENING?

I MIGHT
BE.



THE THING IS
I **FOUND** THEM.
WELL, NOT EXACTLY,
BUT... I NARROWED
IT DOWN.

STILL
LISTENING.



I KNOW **WHO** THEY
ARE—SORT OF—AND I KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE—KIND OF—
I EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO... ISH.

SORT OF,
KIND OF,
ISH...?



YEAH, ALL RIGHT.
BUT IF WE CAN GET YOU
TO THEM, THEN YOU CAN DO
YOUR WOKKA-WOKKA
THING—

MY
WOKKA-WOKKA
THING?

YEAH. AND
CUT OFF THE
HEAD.



THE QUEEN'S
DEAD, ALL RIGHT?
SHE'S THE HEAD. A NEW
HEAD IS TRYING TO GROW,
ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU CUT
THAT ONE OFF, TOO.
WHOLE ORGANIZATION
FALLS APART!

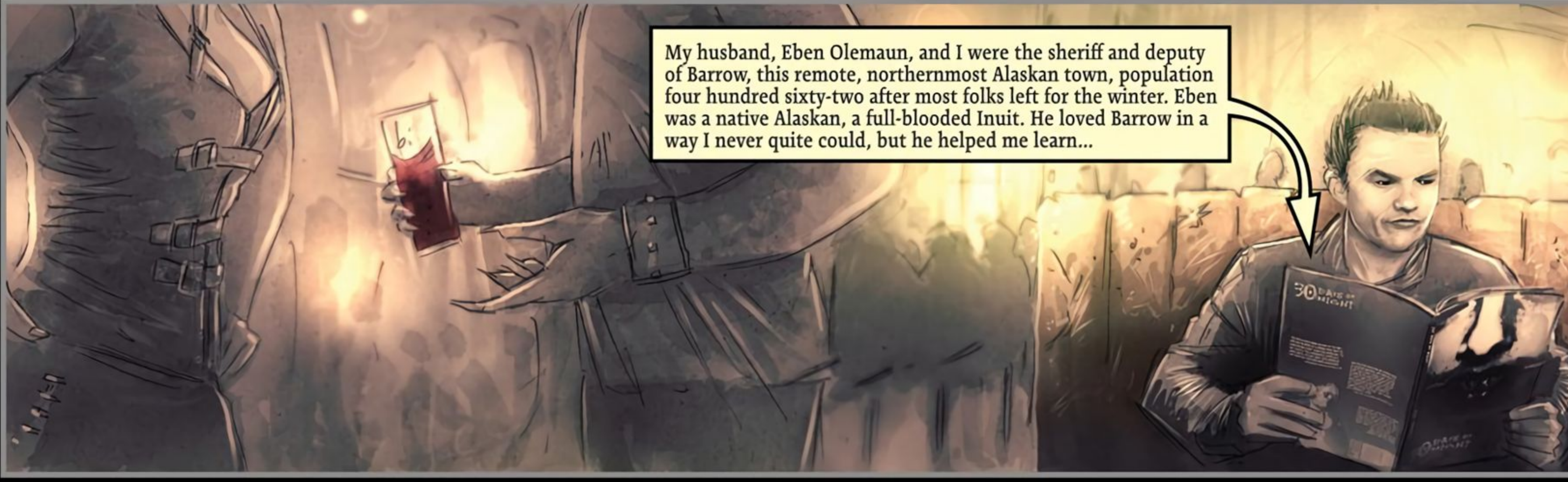
ASSUMING I'M
WITH YOU, WHAT
DO WE NEED?



COUPLE OF
THINGS—SOME
EQUIPMENT THAT
I CAN BUILD OR
BORROW, AND
HER.

WHO'S
SHE?

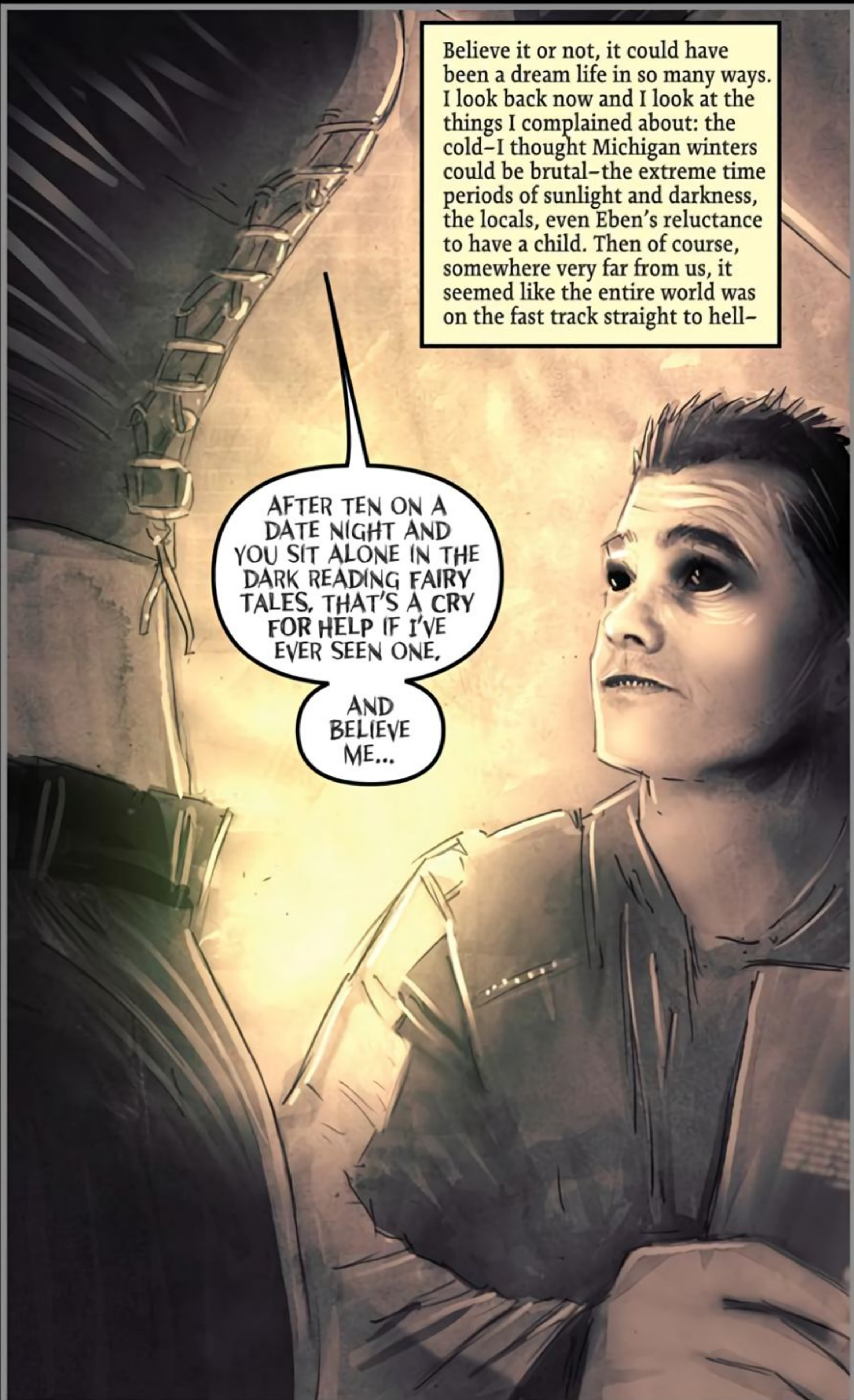
BAIT.



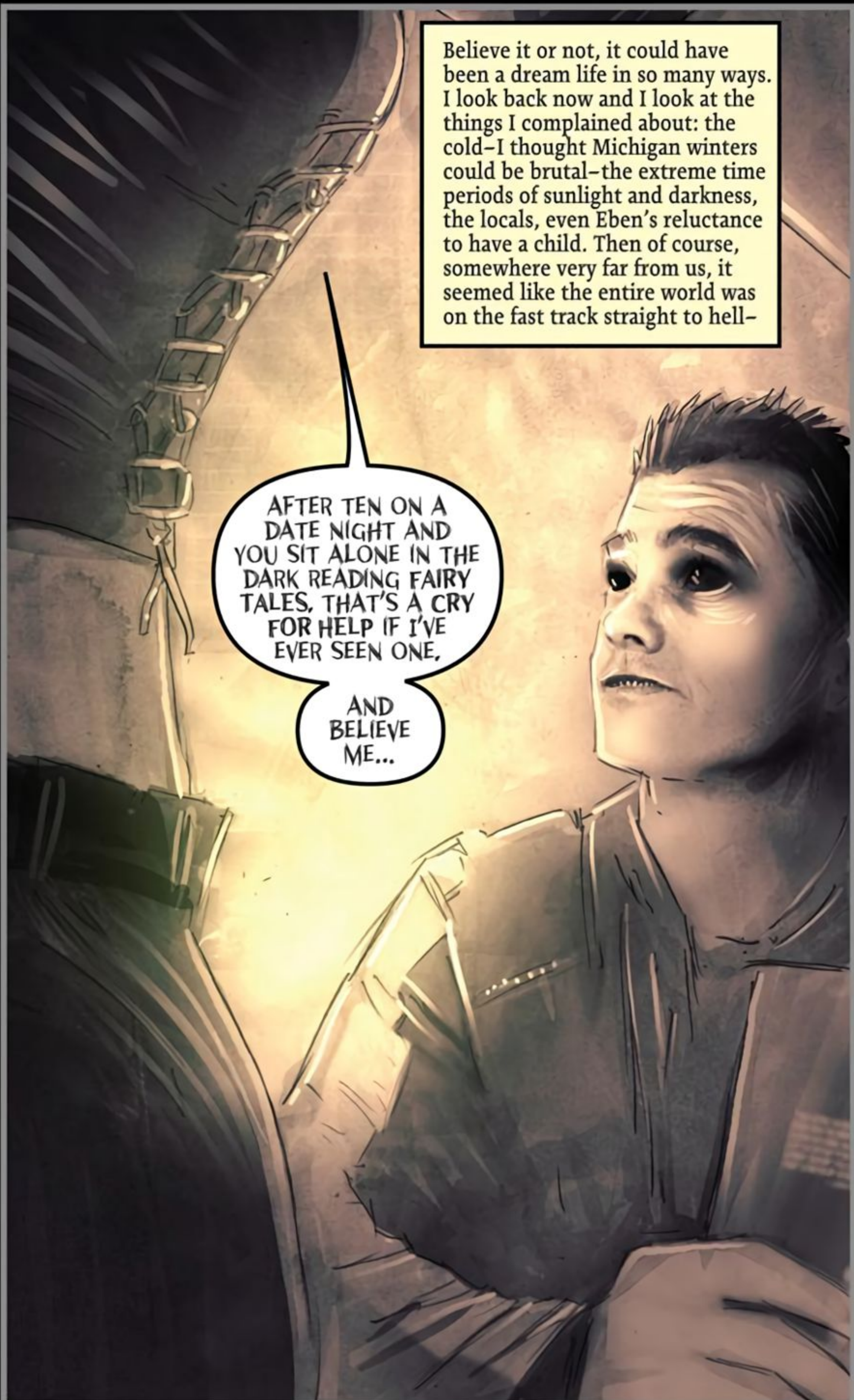
My husband, Eben Olemaun, and I were the sheriff and deputy of Barrow, this remote, northernmost Alaskan town, population four hundred sixty-two after most folks left for the winter. Eben was a native Alaskan, a full-blooded Inuit. He loved Barrow in a way I never quite could, but he helped me learn...



He was already a deputy and managed to get me into the law enforcement game as well. I thought initially it was because he was selfish and didn't want to be away from me, but once he saw I could handle myself, it worked out and eventually we became the first husband and wife, sheriff and deputy team in the state of Alaska...



Believe it or not, it could have been a dream life in so many ways. I look back now and I look at the things I complained about: the cold—I thought Michigan winters could be brutal—the extreme time periods of sunlight and darkness, the locals, even Eben's reluctance to have a child. Then of course, somewhere very far from us, it seemed like the entire world was on the fast track straight to hell—



AFTER TEN ON A DATE NIGHT AND YOU SIT ALONE IN THE DARK READING FAIRY TALES, THAT'S A CRY FOR HELP IF I'VE EVER SEEN ONE, AND BELIEVE ME...



...I'VE SEEN A FEW.







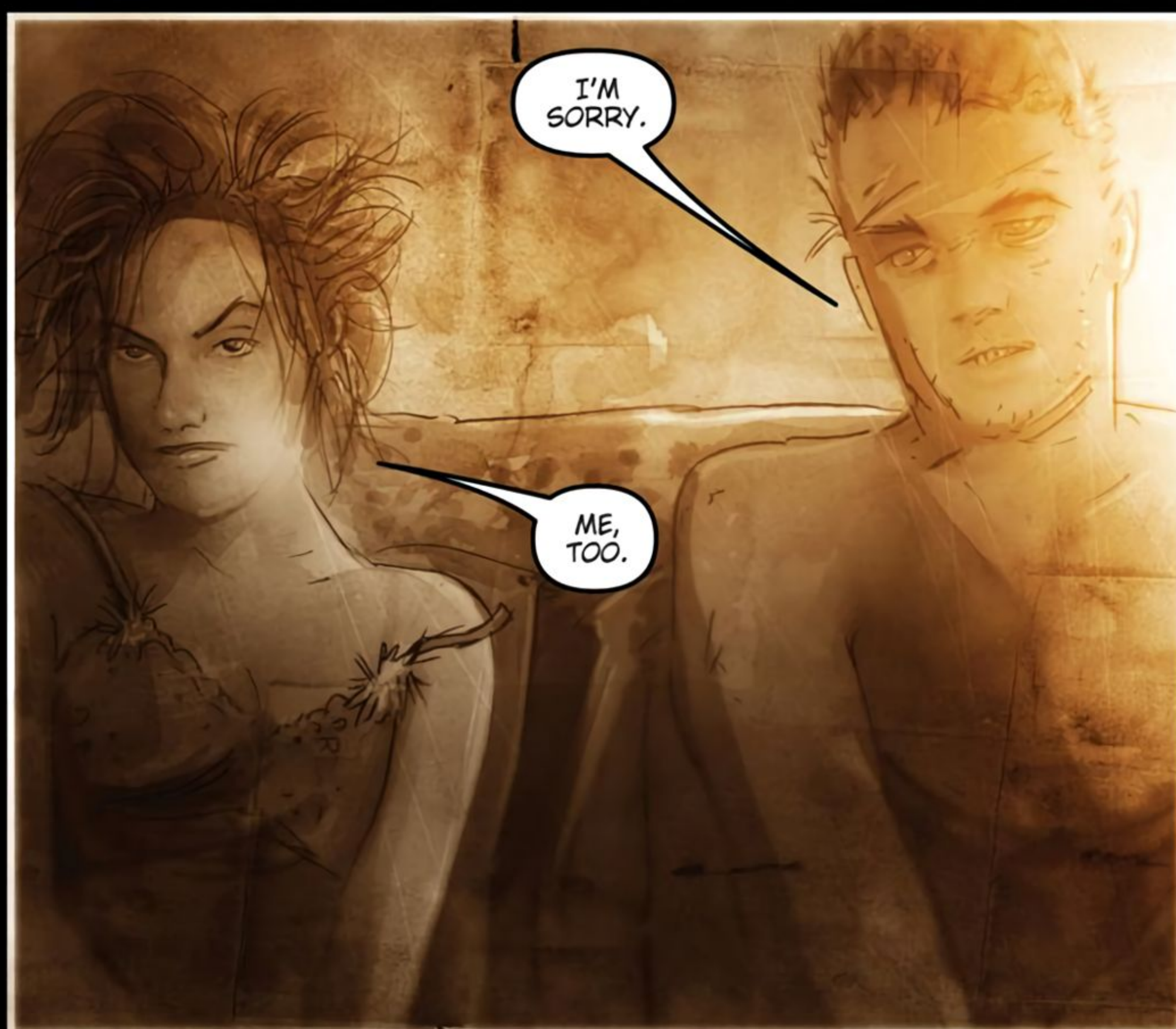


GREAT, STELLA. EVERYTHING GOING AS PLANNED. SHEER GENIUS.

BARROW, ALASKA.
THE GOOD OLE DAYS.









"...CALIFORNIA, MAYBE."



I'M EXHAUSTED. GOD KNOWS
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME. I'M
PROBABLY HALLUCINATING...



PLEASE DON'T BE...



...A BABY.

CAREFUL WHAT YOU
WISH FOR, STELLA.





IF I'D BEEN **SMART**, I WOULD HAVE KILLED IT RIGHT THEN. BUT ALL I COULD THINK WAS, "WHO DOES THAT TO A BABY?"



THAT LIGHT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, MY NEW FRIEND, IS THE ONCOMING TRAIN CALLED OPPORTUNITY.

...**FUCKING MONSTERS.**



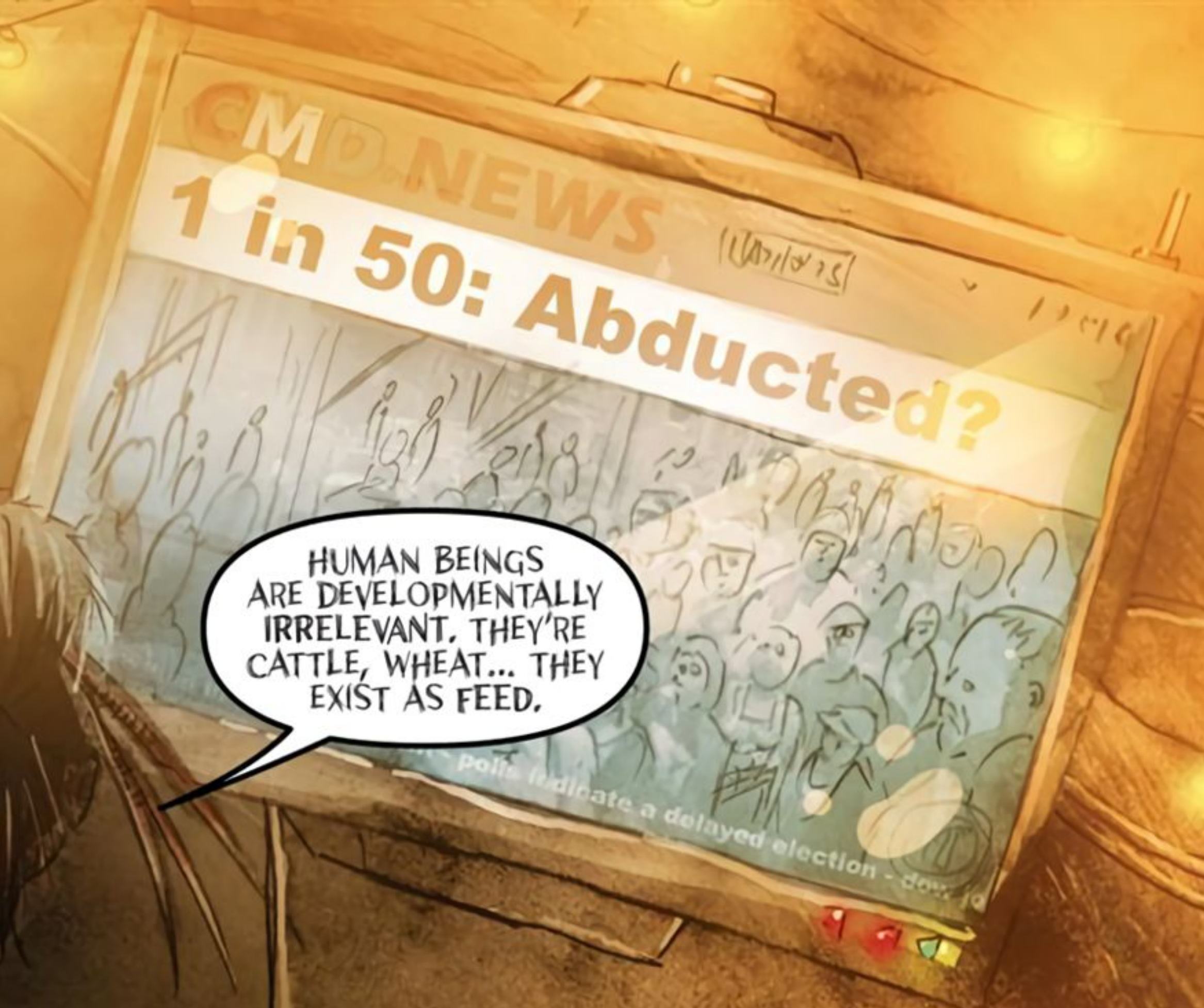
"EITHER YOU'RE A SLAVE TO YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES AND YOU ACT OUT OF FEAR..."

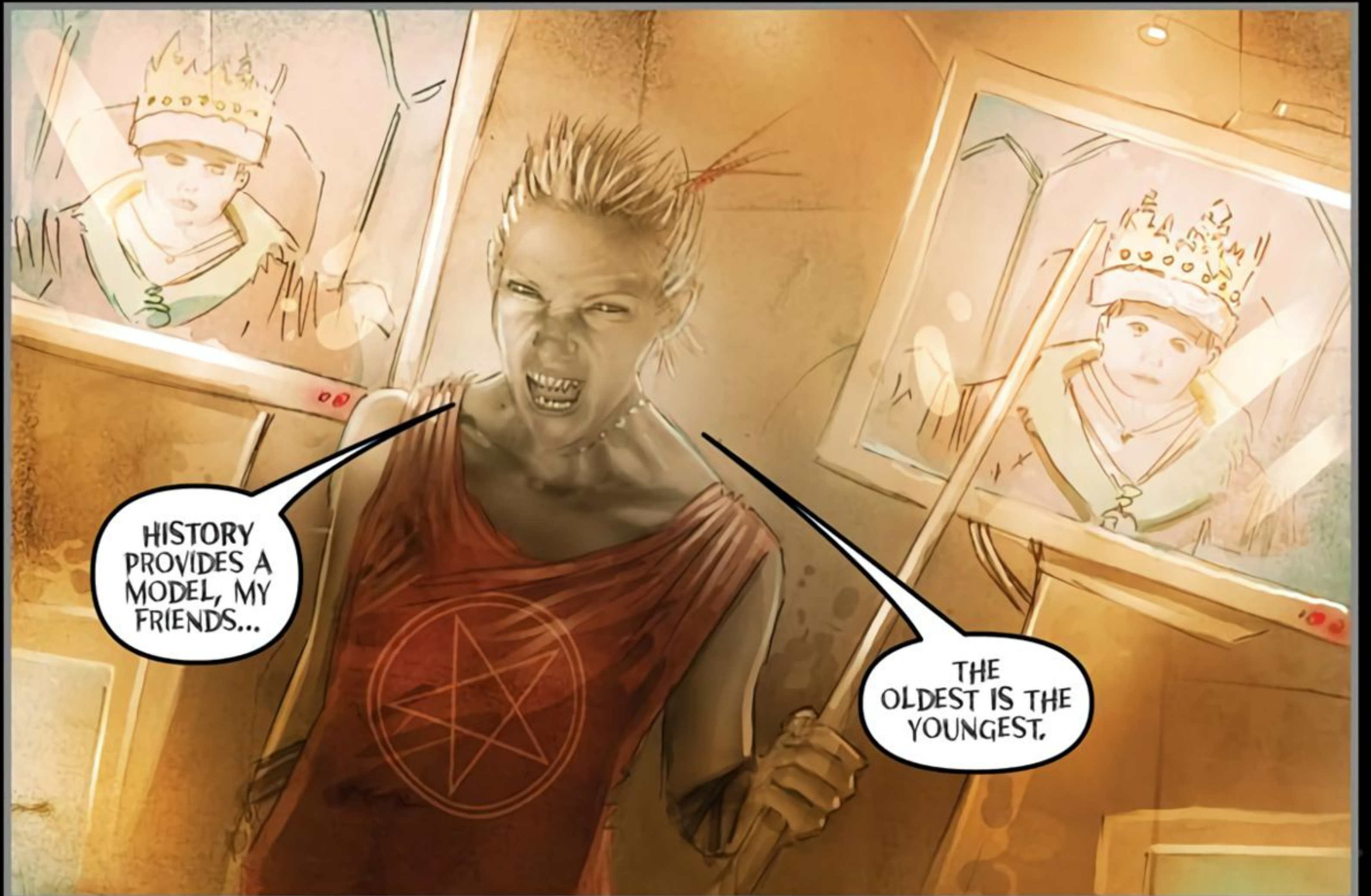


...OR, YOU GRAB THAT TRAIN LIKE YOU'VE GOT A PAIR AND SEE HOW FAR IT'LL TAKE YOU.



"WE ARE EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS, ON EARTH IN EXTRAORDINARY TIMES."







DIIIIICK...?



WHERE IS
THE BABE,
DICK?

OH GOD,
OH GOD,
OH G-GOD...



WHERE IS
THE BABE,
DICK?

I-I
CAN FIX IT,
XEN...!

...IT WAS THAT
STELLA CHICK—I
DIDN'T RECOGNIZE
HER AT FIRST...
SH-SHE'S...



...?



HHHAAA



KKKKRUUOUSH



ANYBODY
ELSE WANNA
SUCK FACE?





RIIIIGHT.



HERE'S THE
THING, SHERIFF
OLEMAUN—



HOW DO
YOU—?

WHAT? THINK
I CHOSE YOU AT
RANDOM?



THERE'S NO
SUCH THING AS
RANDOM,
SHERIFF.



YOUR
LITTLE BRIDE WAS
FUN—HELPFUL, EVEN—
AT FIRST. BUT I WAS JUST
ABOUT OVER IT WHEN
SHE BROUGHT YOU
BACK...

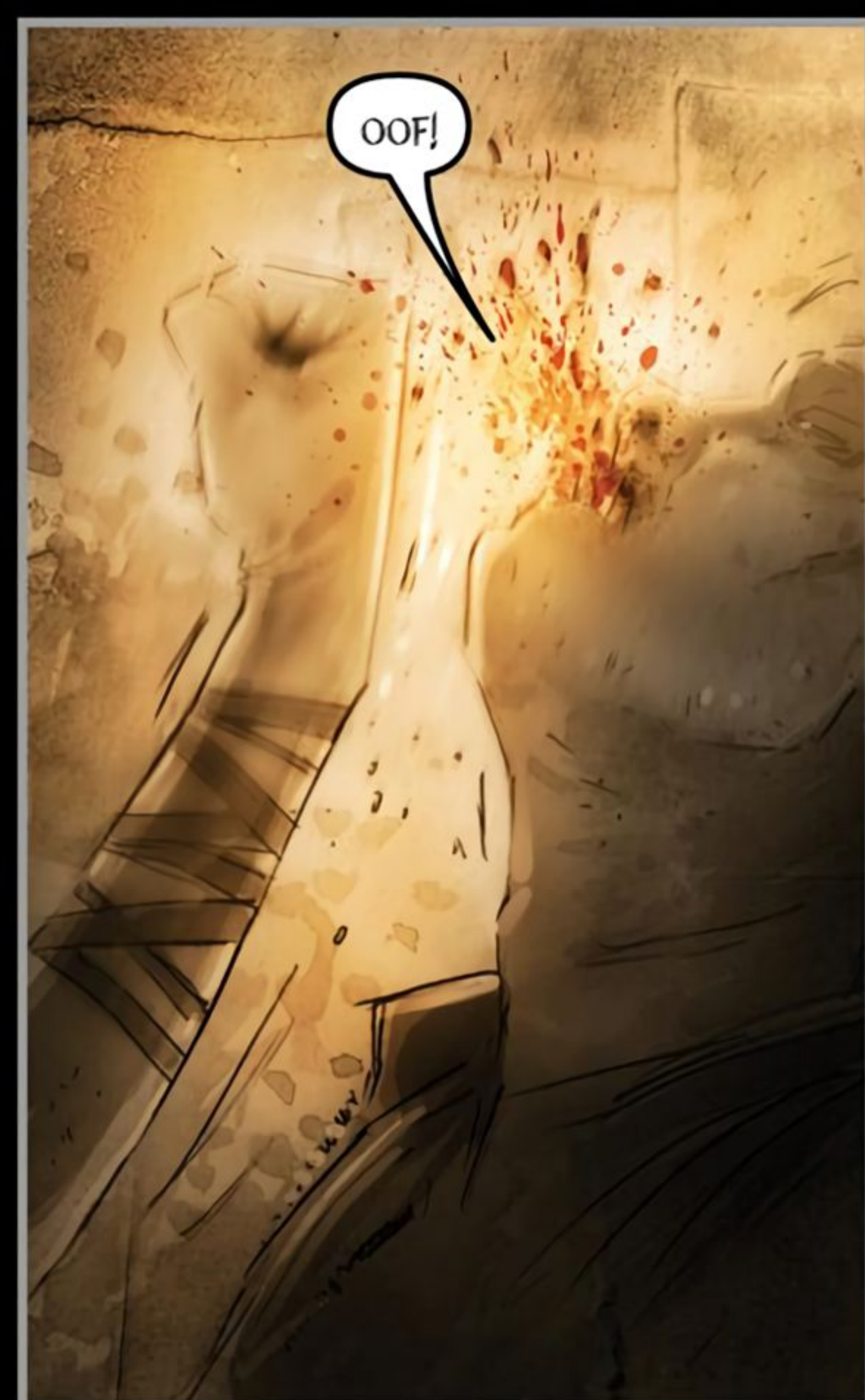
...AND
THINGS
CHANGED.



NOW, THANKS TO
THE MERRY BAND OF
MORONS WHO GOT THE
MUNCHIES WHEN THEY WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING
HER—YOUR BRIDE HAS
SOMETHING VERY, VERY
VALUABLE TO ME,

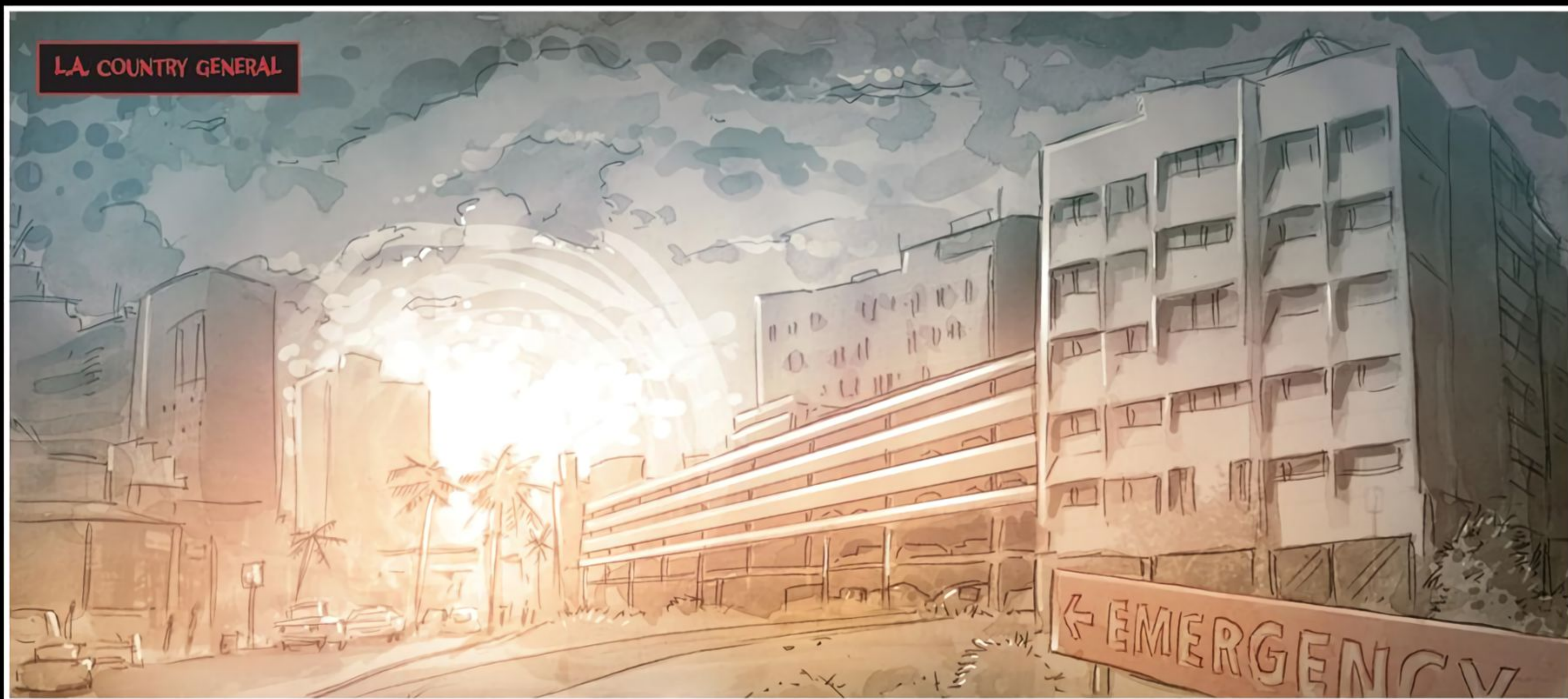


AND THANKS
TO THE STATE YOU
PUT HER IN, I HAVE
NO IDEA WHOSE SIDE
SHE'S ON.



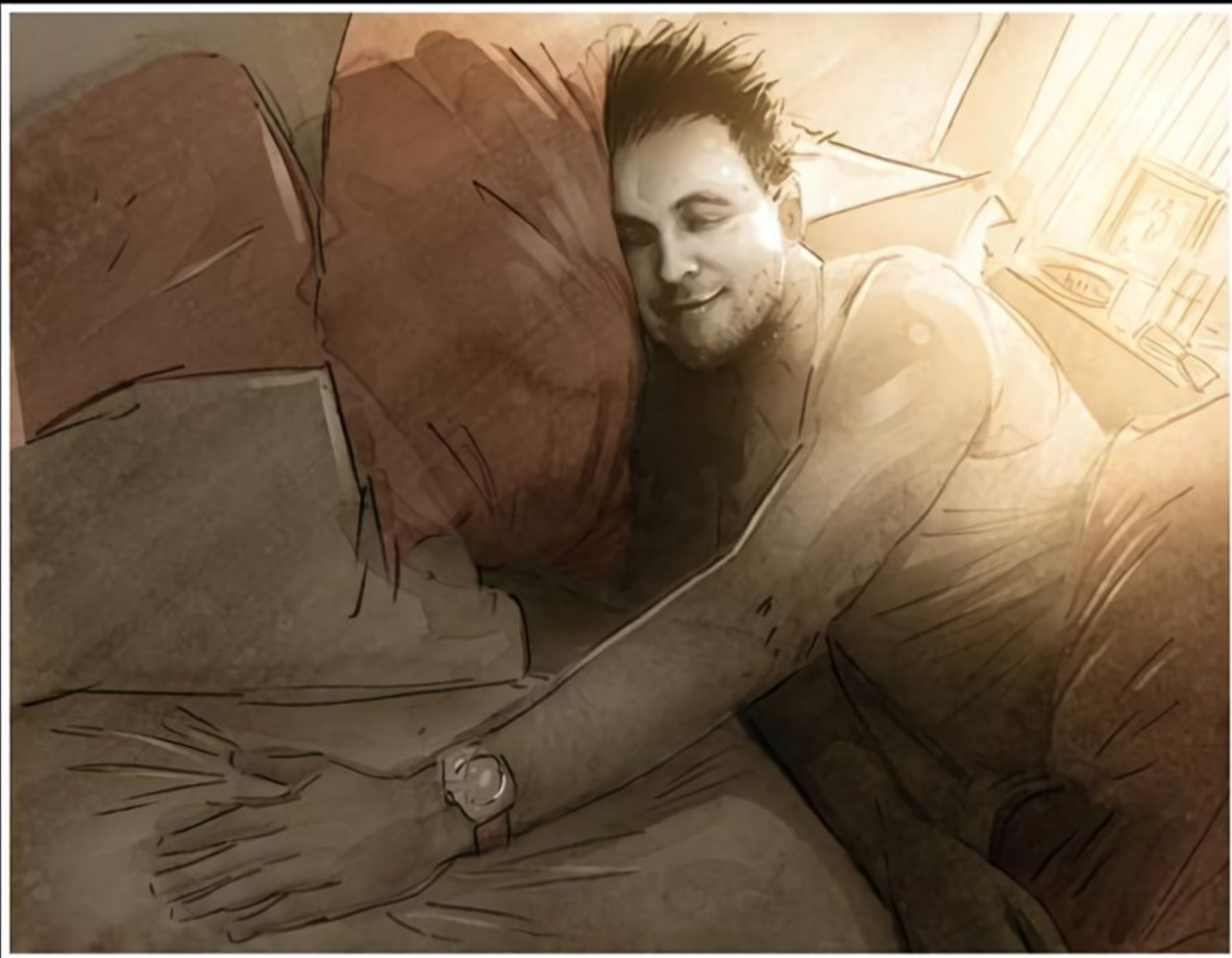


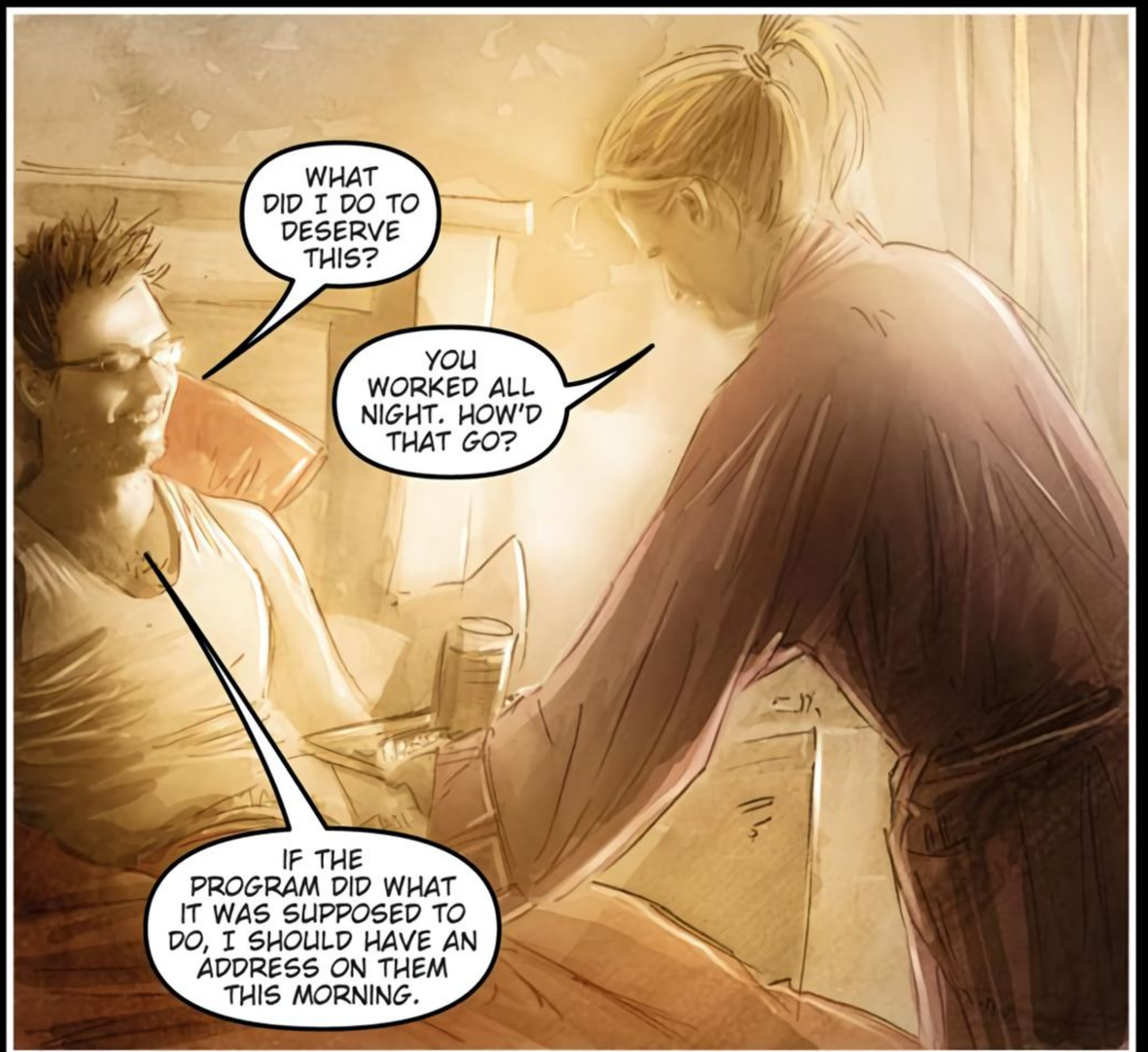


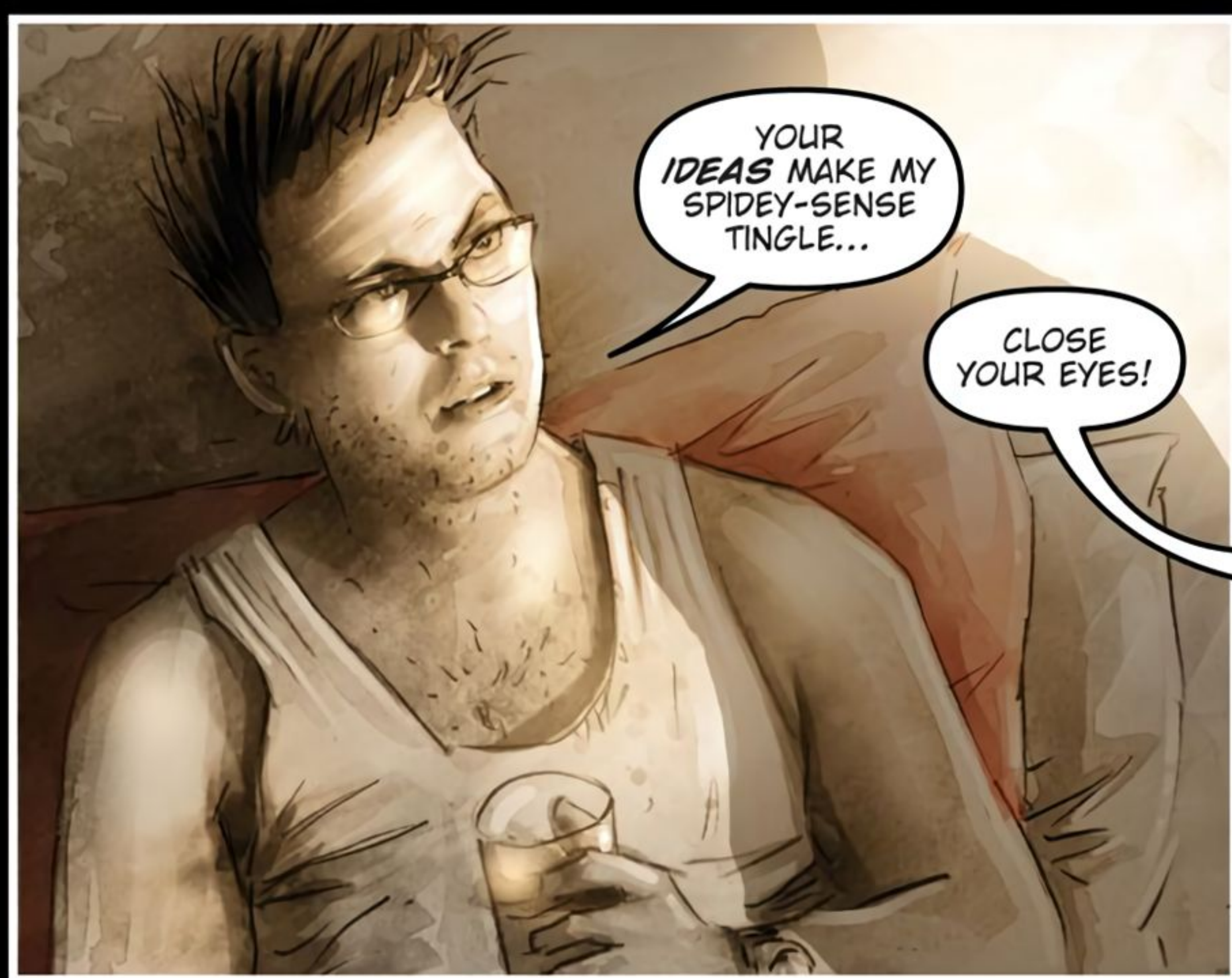


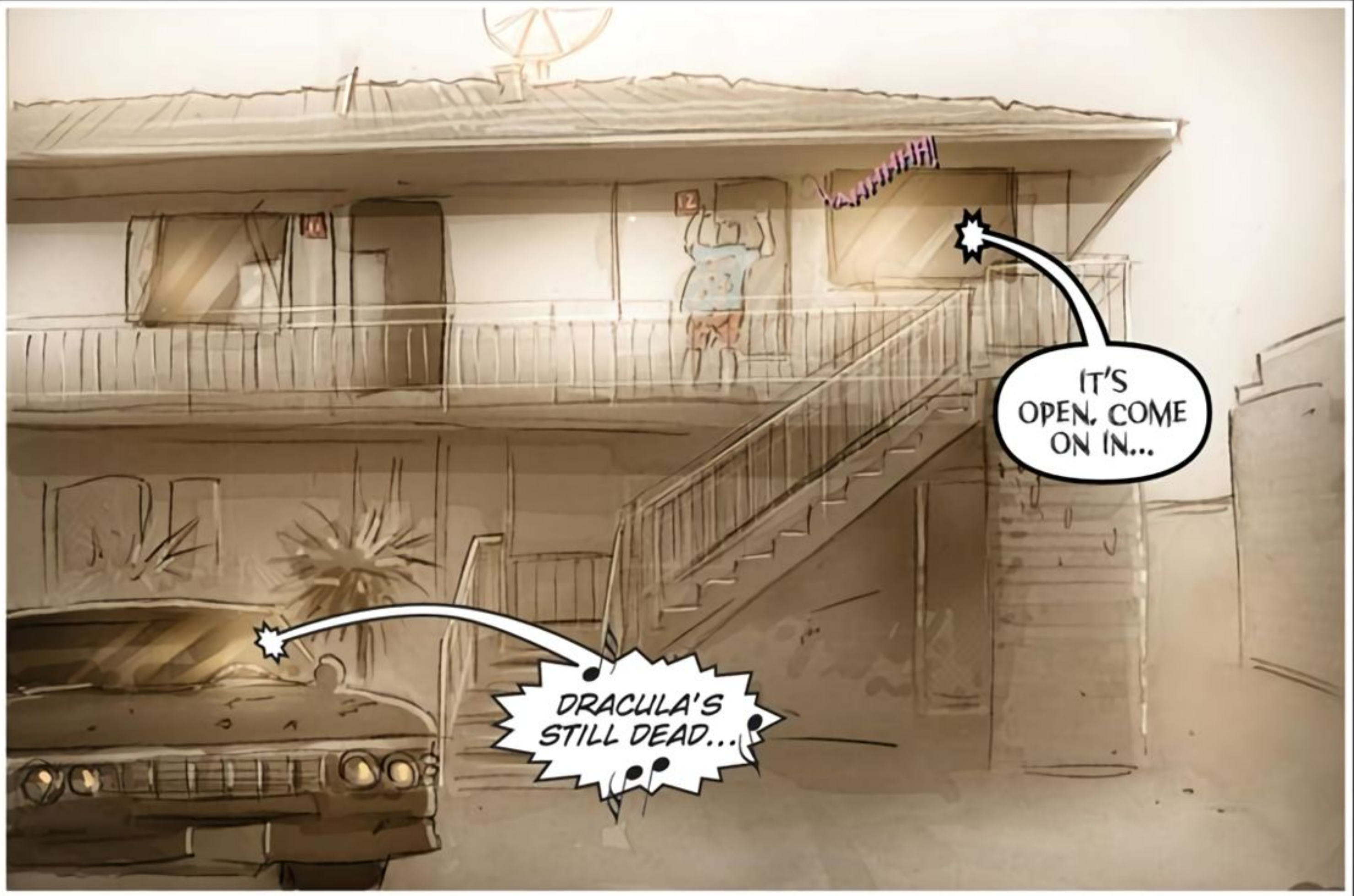
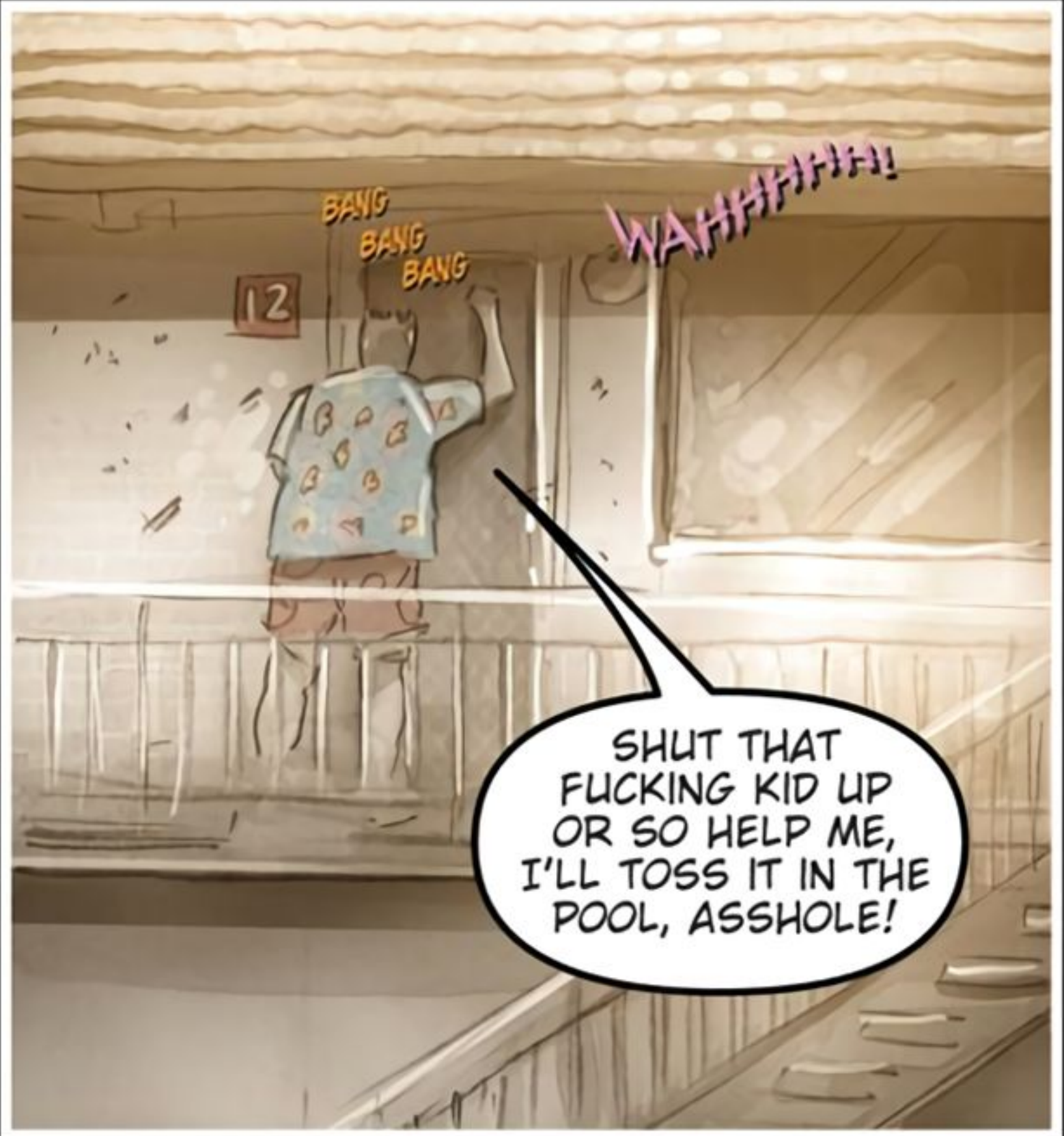














OMNIA MUTANTUR, NOS ET
MUTAMUR IN ILLIS...

...ALL THINGS CHANGE, AND
WE CHANGE WITH THEM.



IT WEARS ON A BODY, THIS
CONSTANT EVOLUTION.



TIME GIVETH...



...AND, FOR NO PARTICULAR
REASON, TIME TAKETH AWAY.



ONE DAY WE WAKE TO FIND
WE NO LONGER **RECOGNIZE**
THE WORLD AROUND US.



WE ARE RELICS,
WALKING **GHOSTS**.



WE CAN **GRIEVE**,
OR WE CAN **ADAPT**.



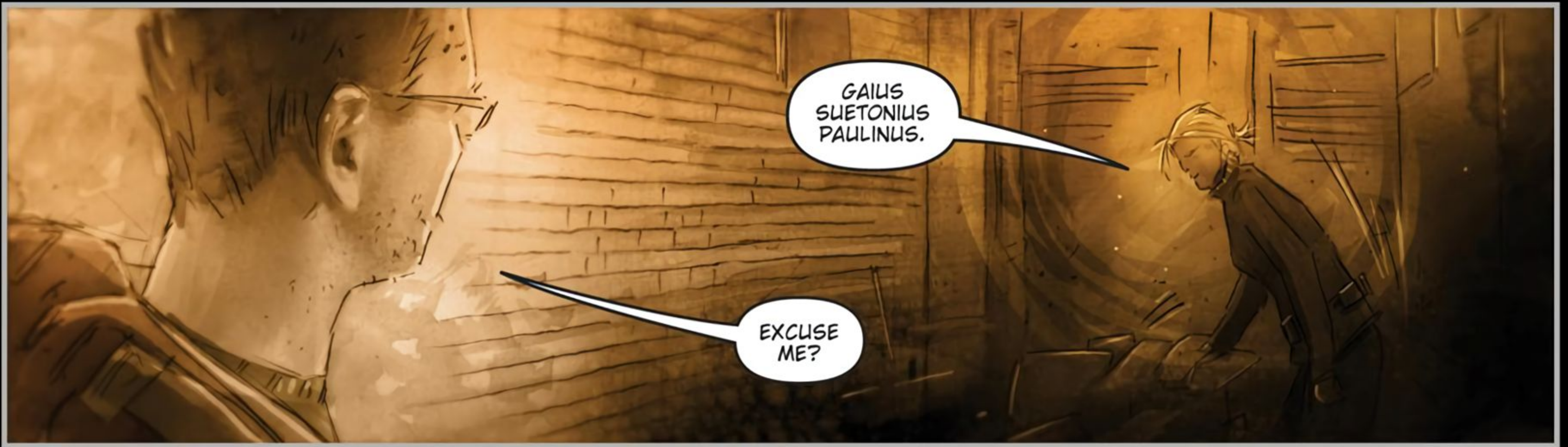
WE CAN CHANGE...



...OR **DIE**.

WE CAN MAKE THAT CHOICE.





GAIUS
SUETONIUS
PAULINUS.

EXCUSE
ME?



SUETONIUS,
THE ROMAN GENERAL.
HE DEFEATED BOADICEA
IN 60 A.D. RING
ANY BELLS?



I MUST
HAVE BEEN
ABSENT THAT
DAY.



MAKE
YOURSELF USEFUL
AND MEASURE THE
DIMENSIONS IN HERE,
WILL YOU?

BOADICEA WAS AN
ICENI QUEEN—A BRIT. SHE
LED AN ARMY OF 200,000
AGAINST THE ROMANS AND
QUITE NEARLY HANDED
THEM THEIR ASSSES.

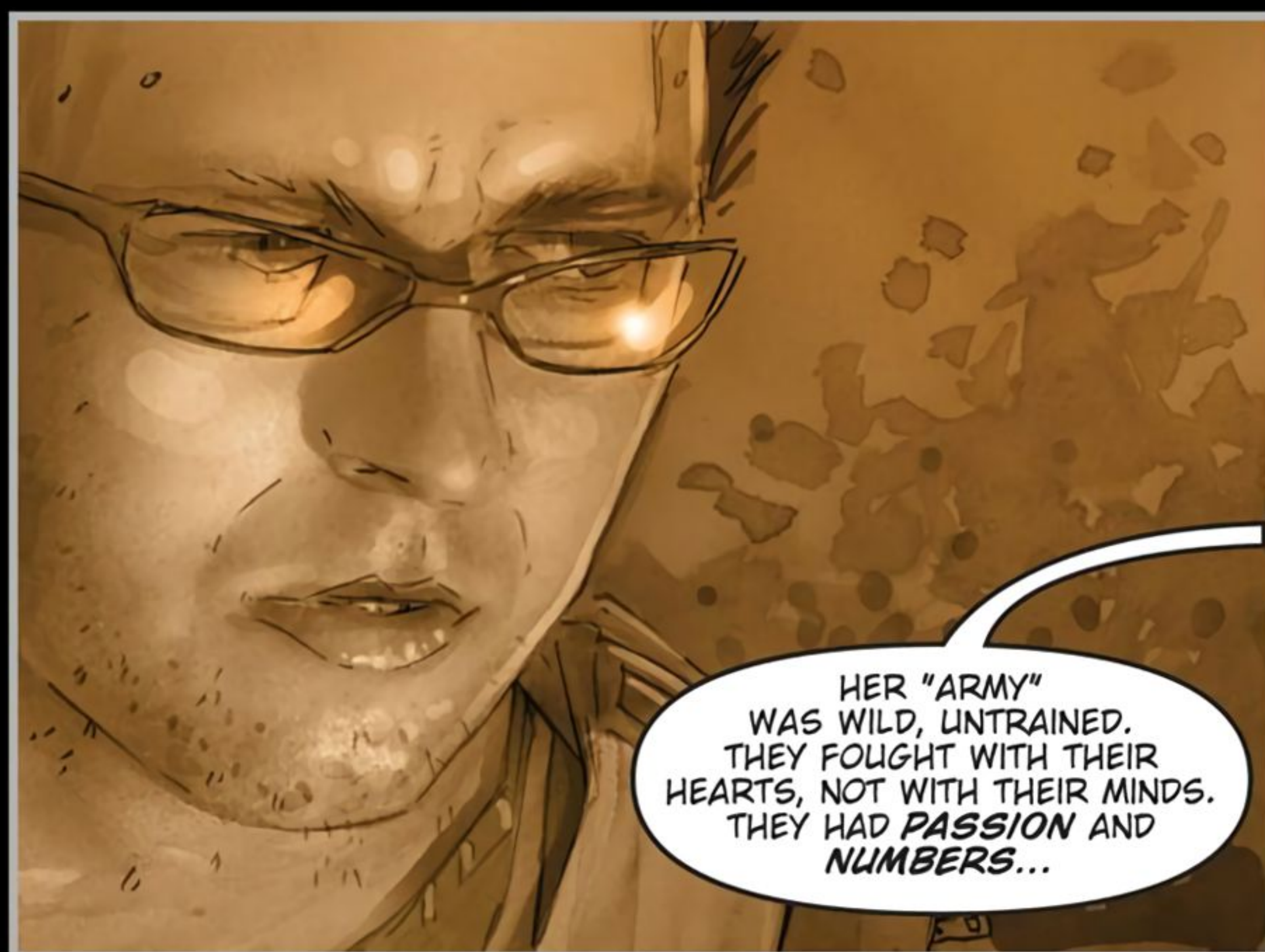


BUT
FOR THIS
SUETONIUS
GUY.

RIGHT. SUETONIUS
HAD AN ARMY ONE-TENTH
HER SIZE, BUT HIS SOLDIERS
WERE **WELL-DISCIPLINED,**
WELL-ARMORED...

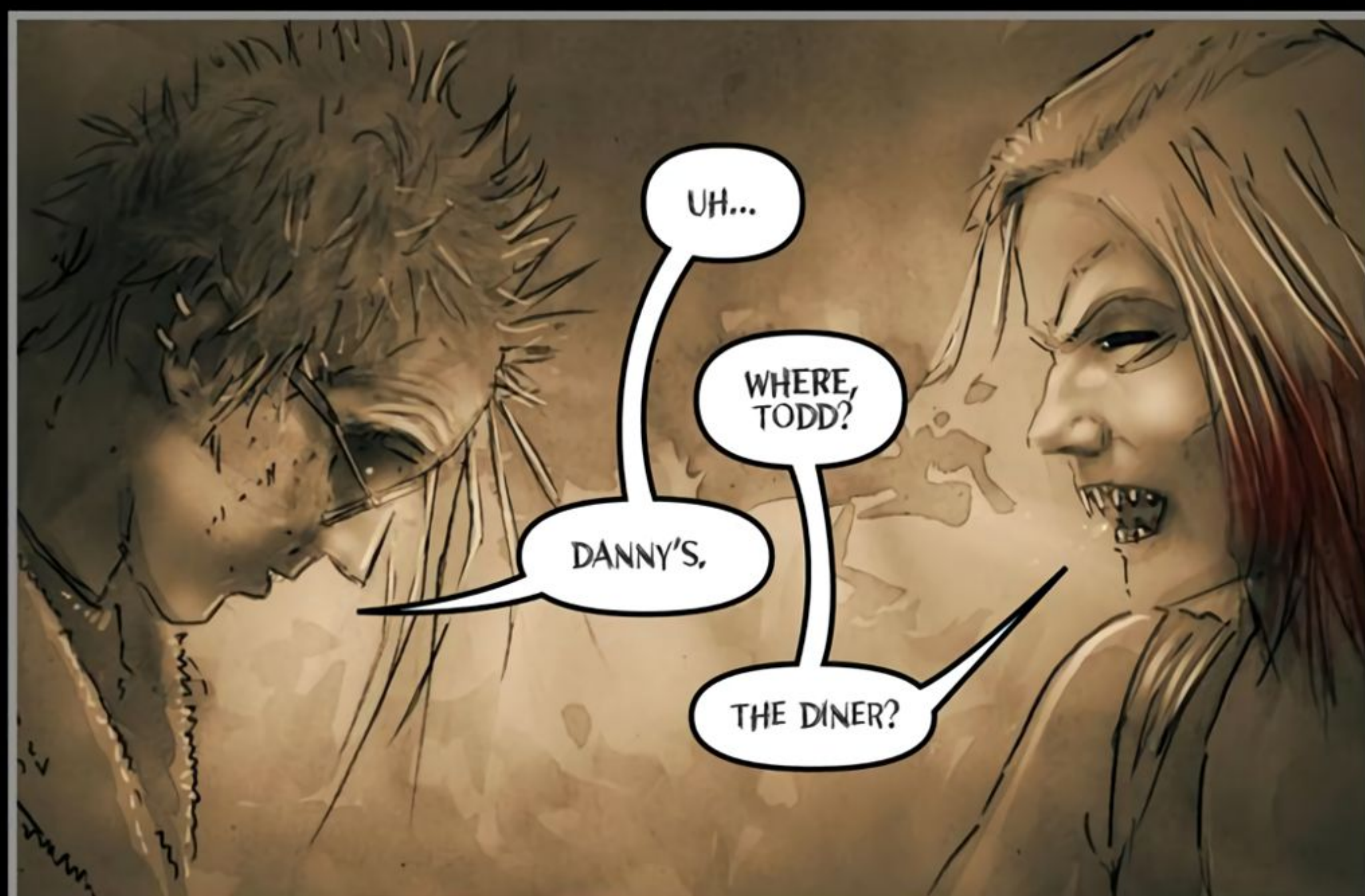


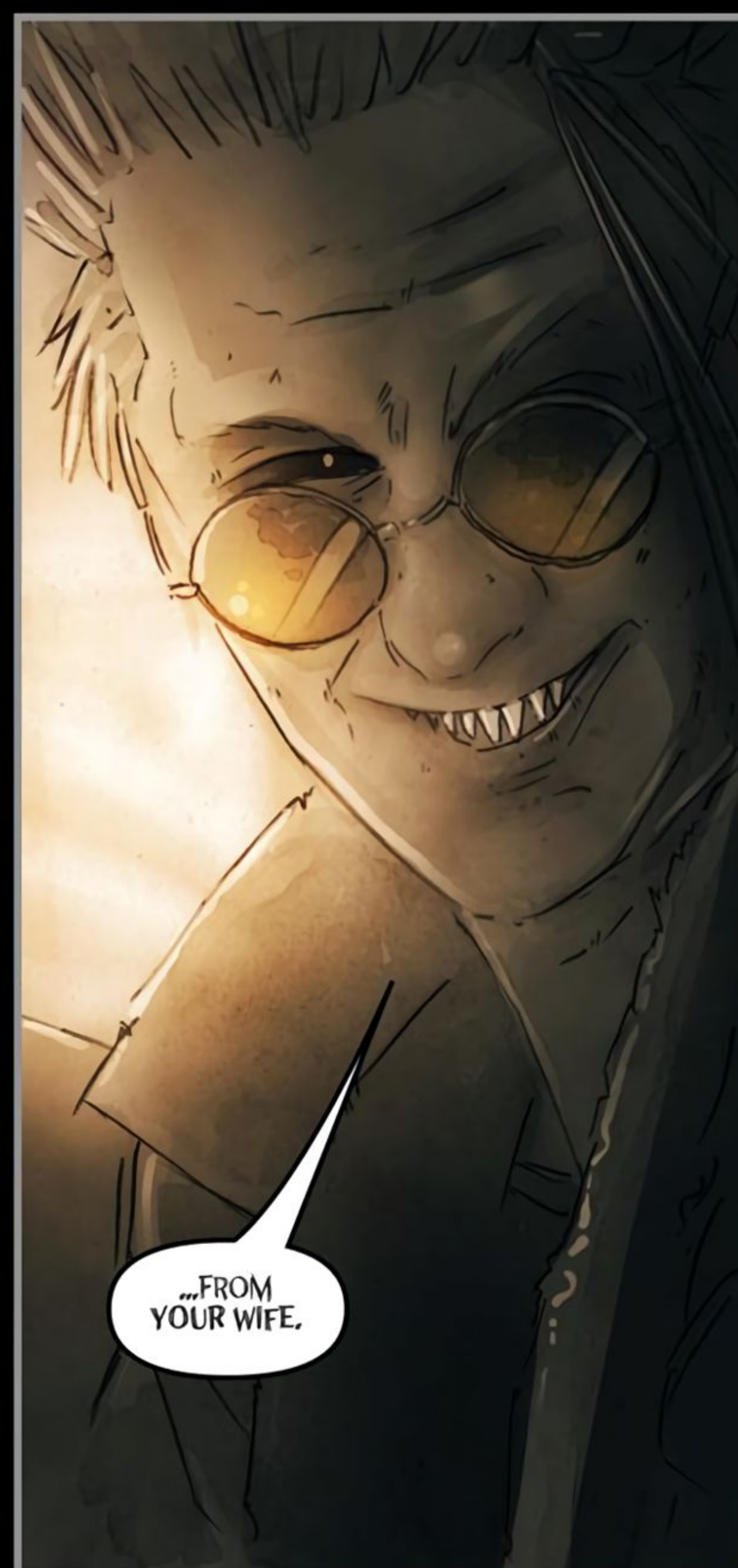
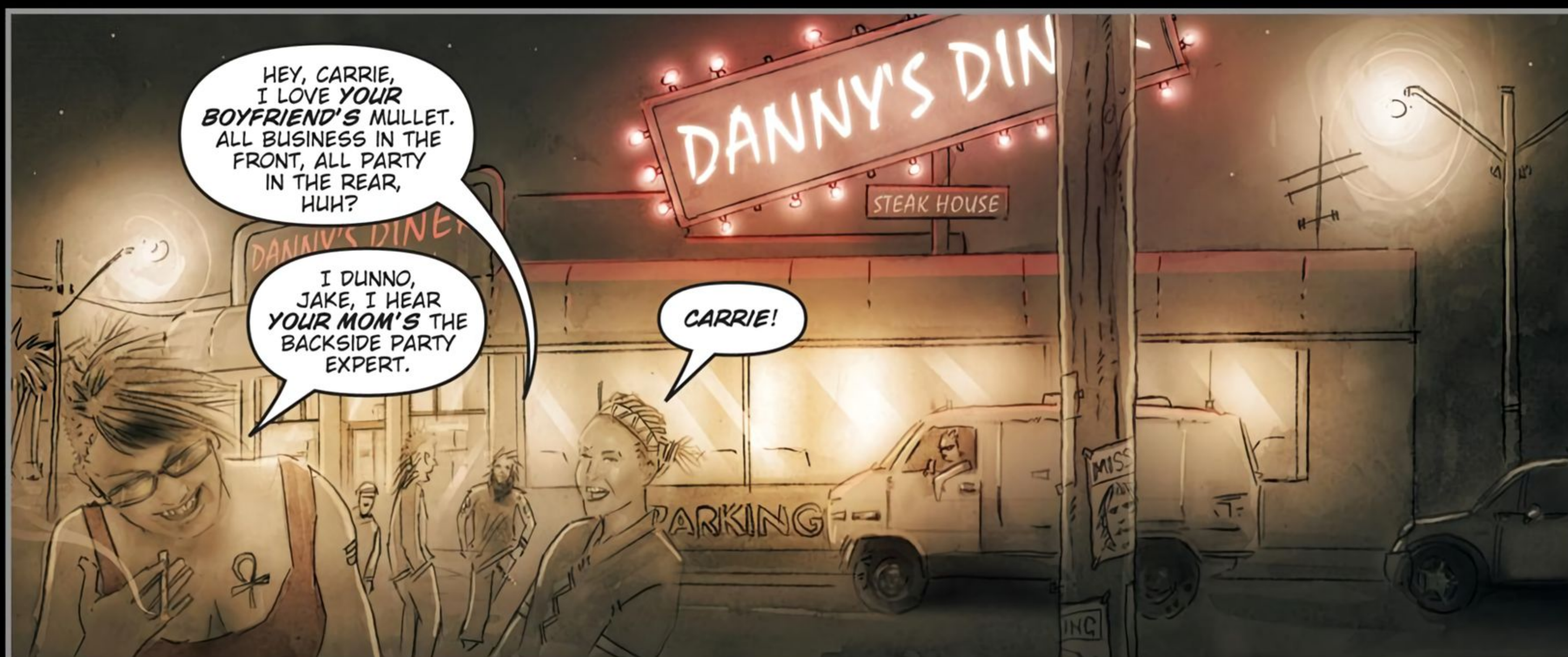
...AND
UNDER THE
COMMAND OF A
BRILLIANT AND
DISPASSIONATE
LEADER.



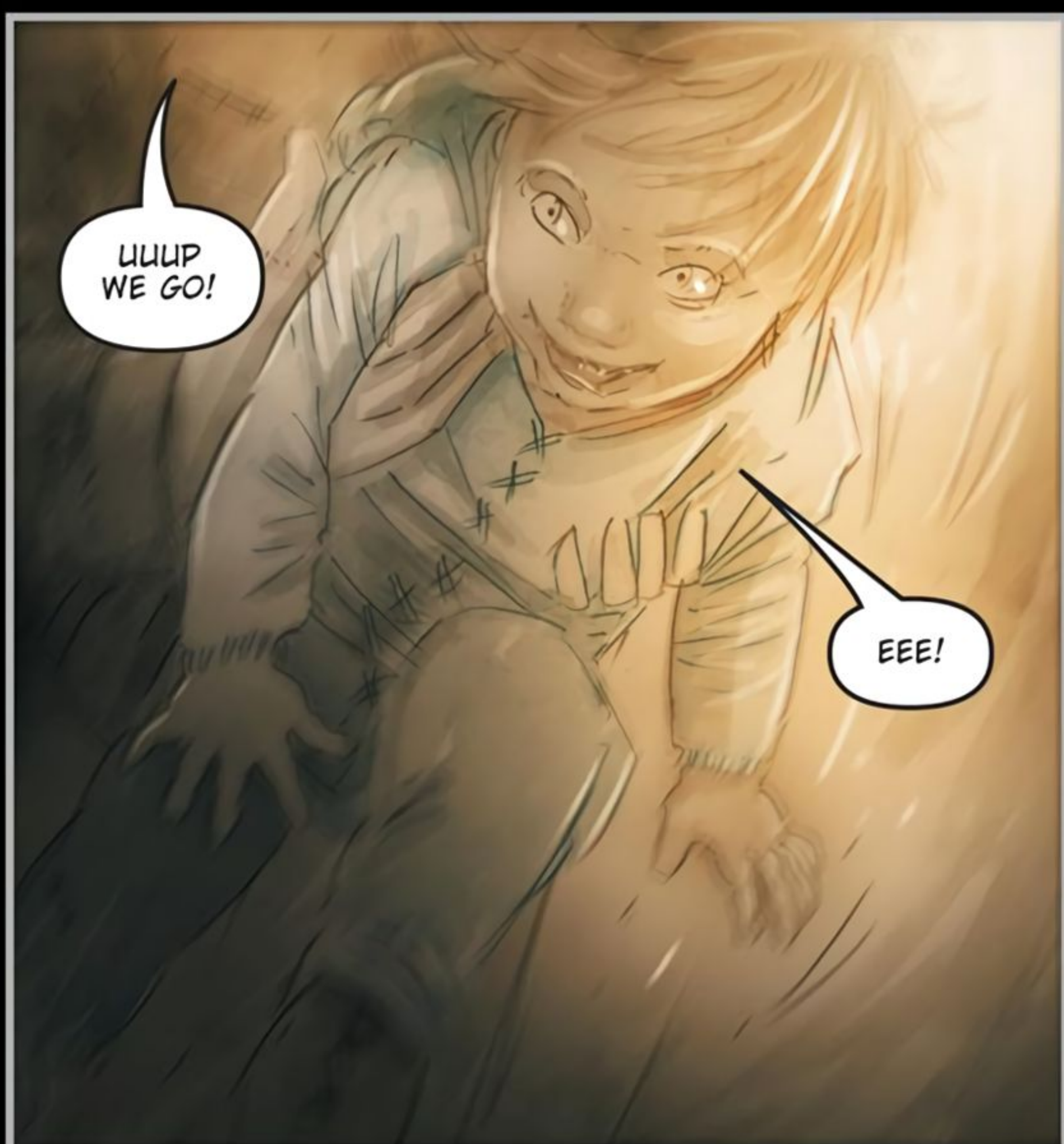
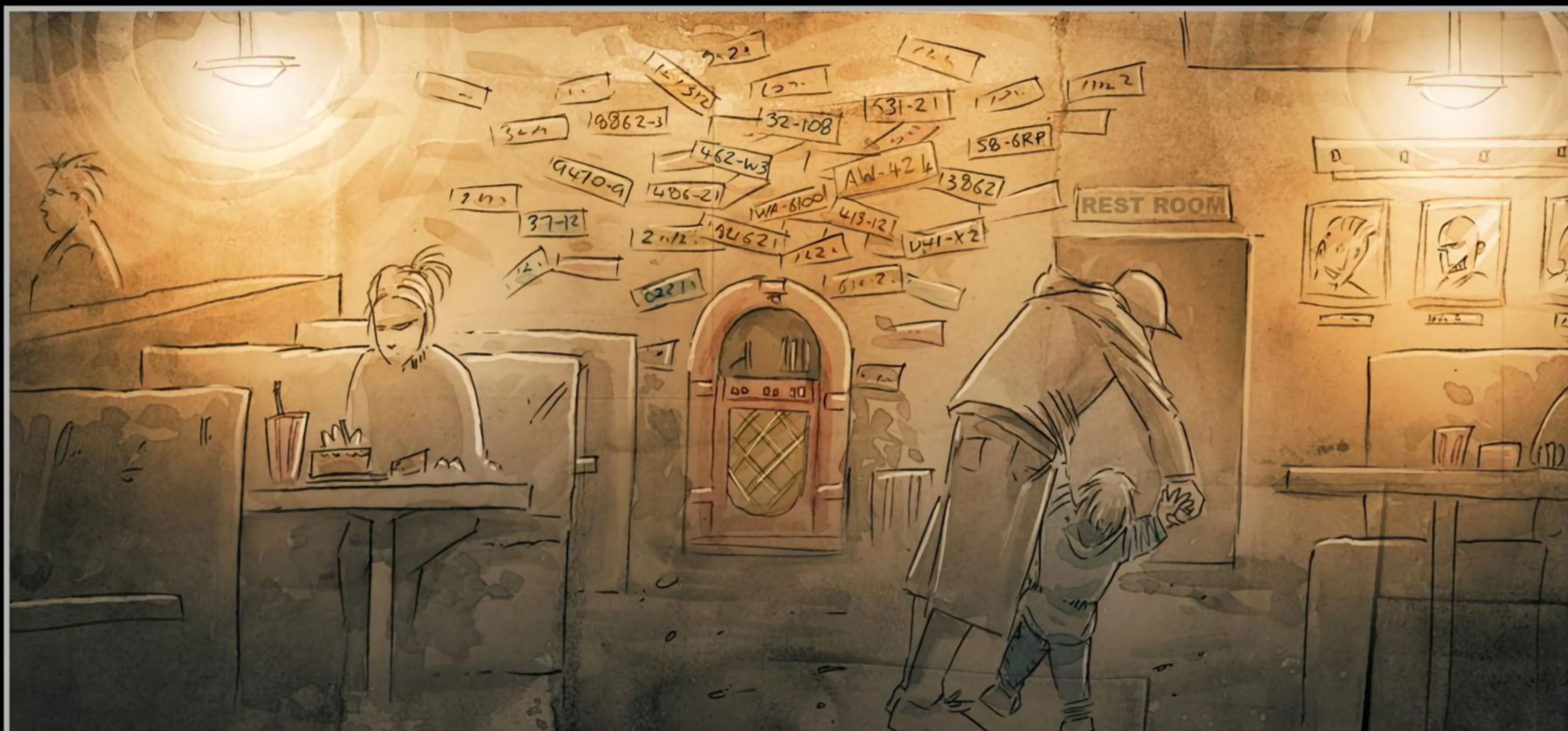


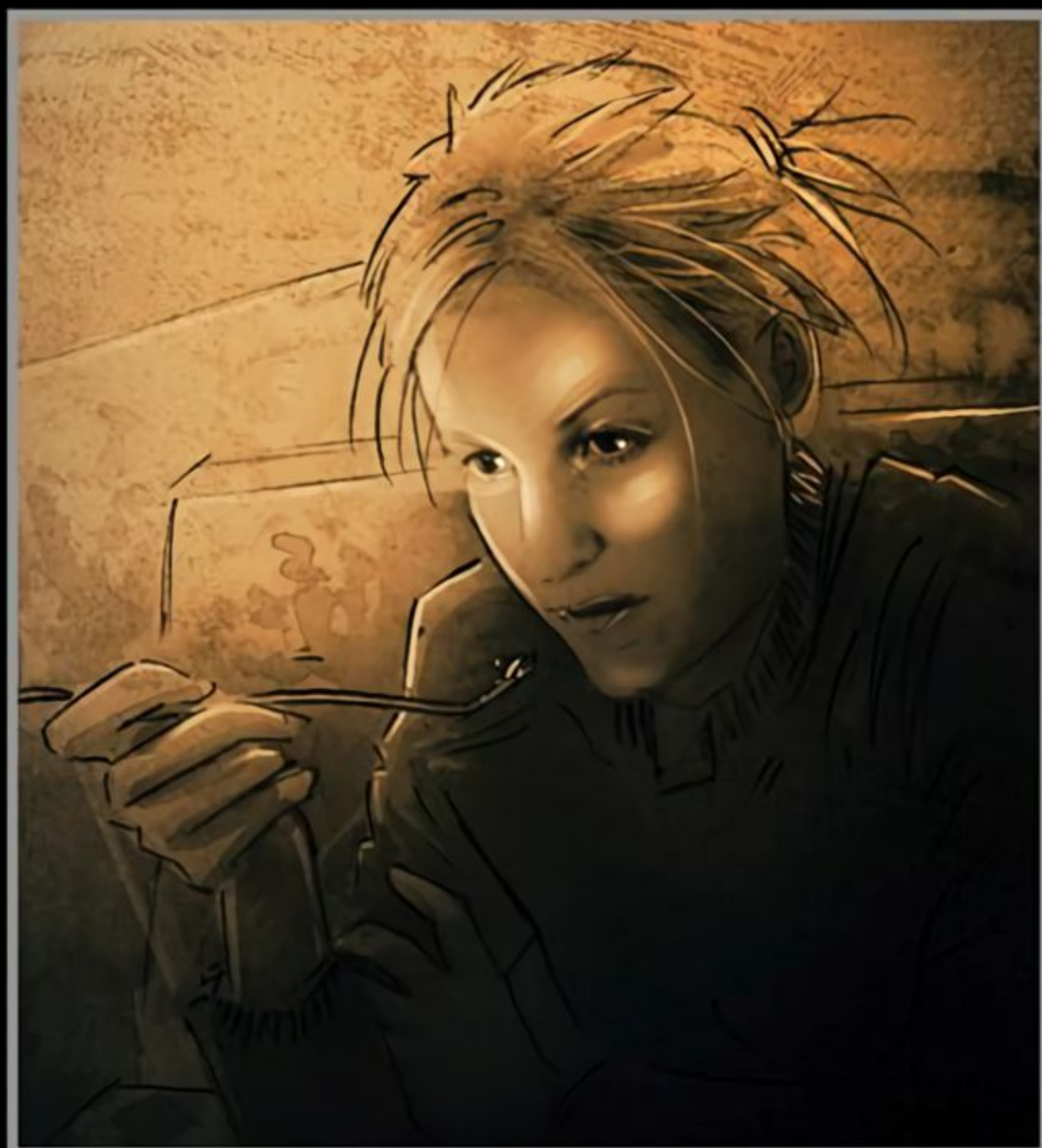
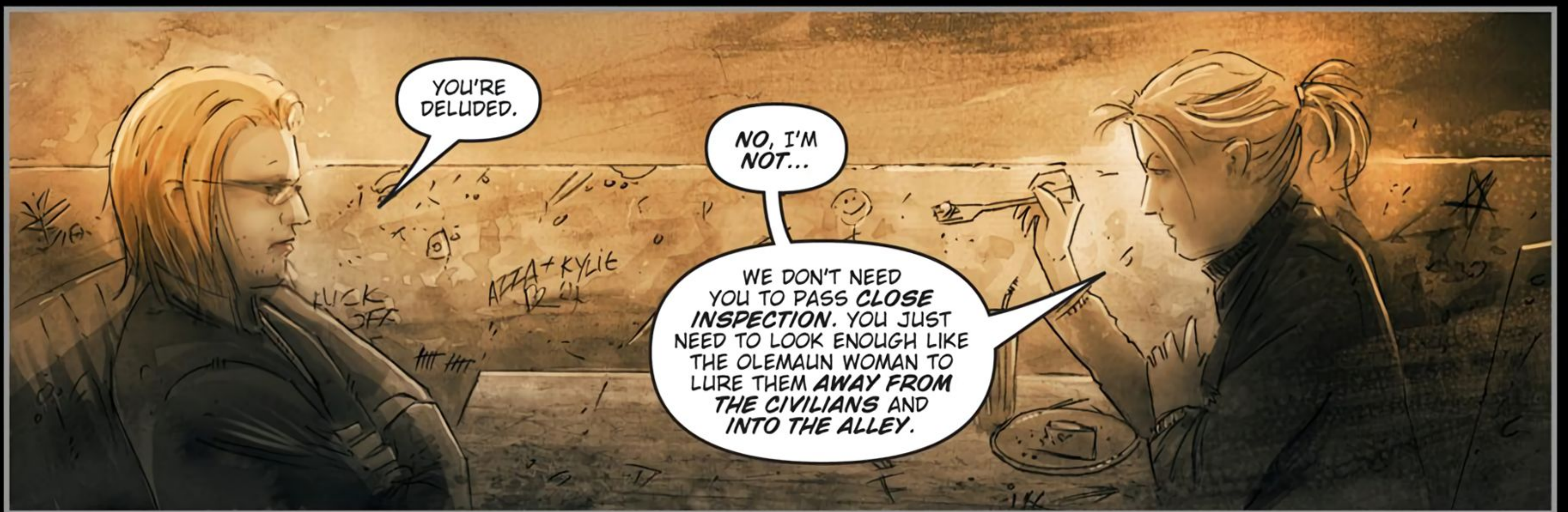
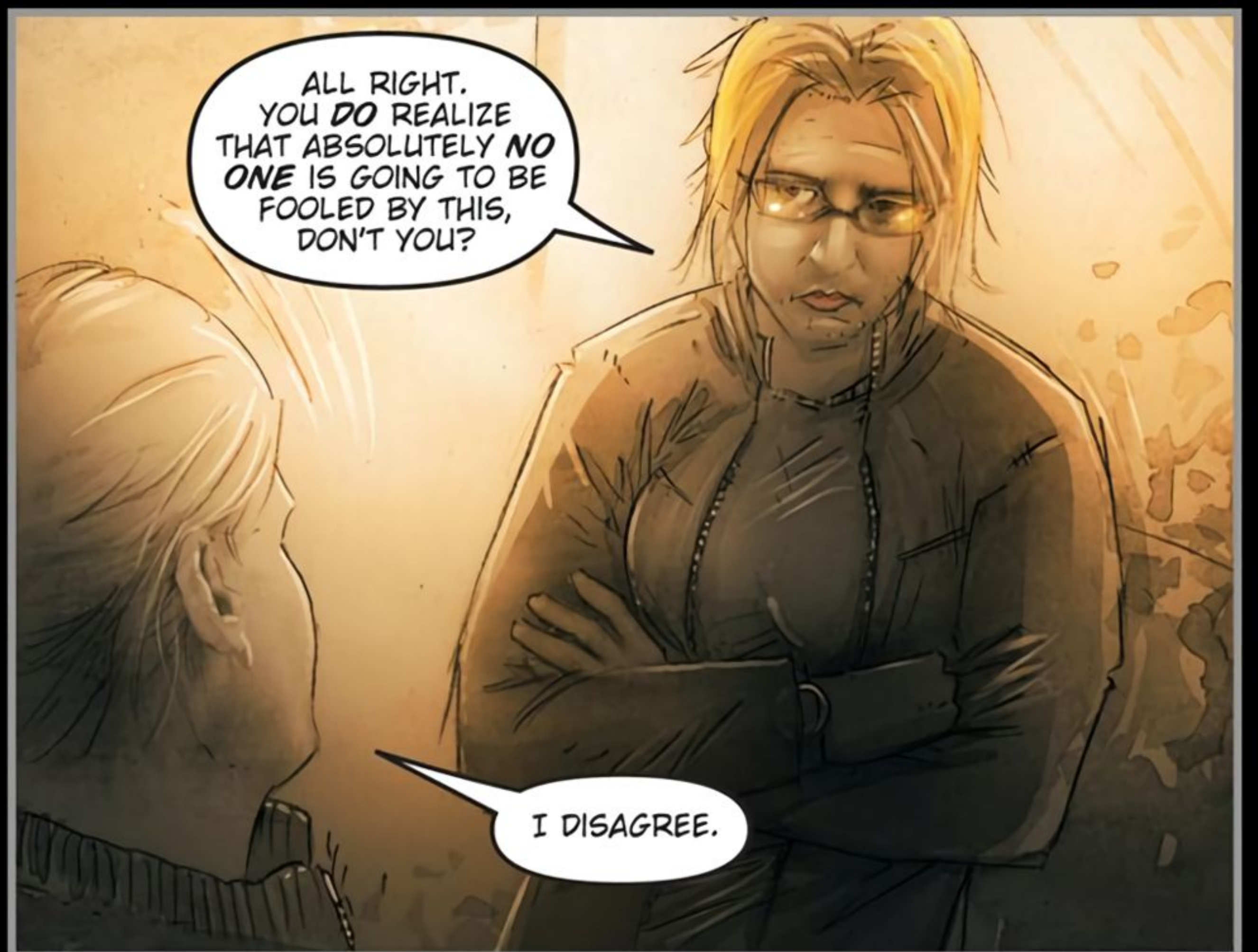














OF COURSE YOU'RE **AFRAID**...

...ONLY **FOOLS**
AND **MADMEN** LIVE
WITHOUT FEAR.



FOR THE REST, EVERY DAY
BRINGS A NEW **DOUBT**...

...A NEW DOOR
FOR **TERRORS** TO
CREEP THROUGH.



"WHAT WAS THAT SOUND?"

"DID I LOCK THE DOOR?"

WHAT IF I'M WRONG?



I USED TO BE SO **SURE**...

...HAVE I LOST MY WAY?



AAAAHHH!!

WHAT HAVE I BECOME?



THE TRICK IS NOT TO LET THE FEAR MAKE YOU FORGET *WHO YOU ARE*...



...OR WHY YOU'RE HERE.



THE TRICK IS TO *BE AFRAID* AND DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO *ANYWAY*.



...

THAT WAS A DUDE.



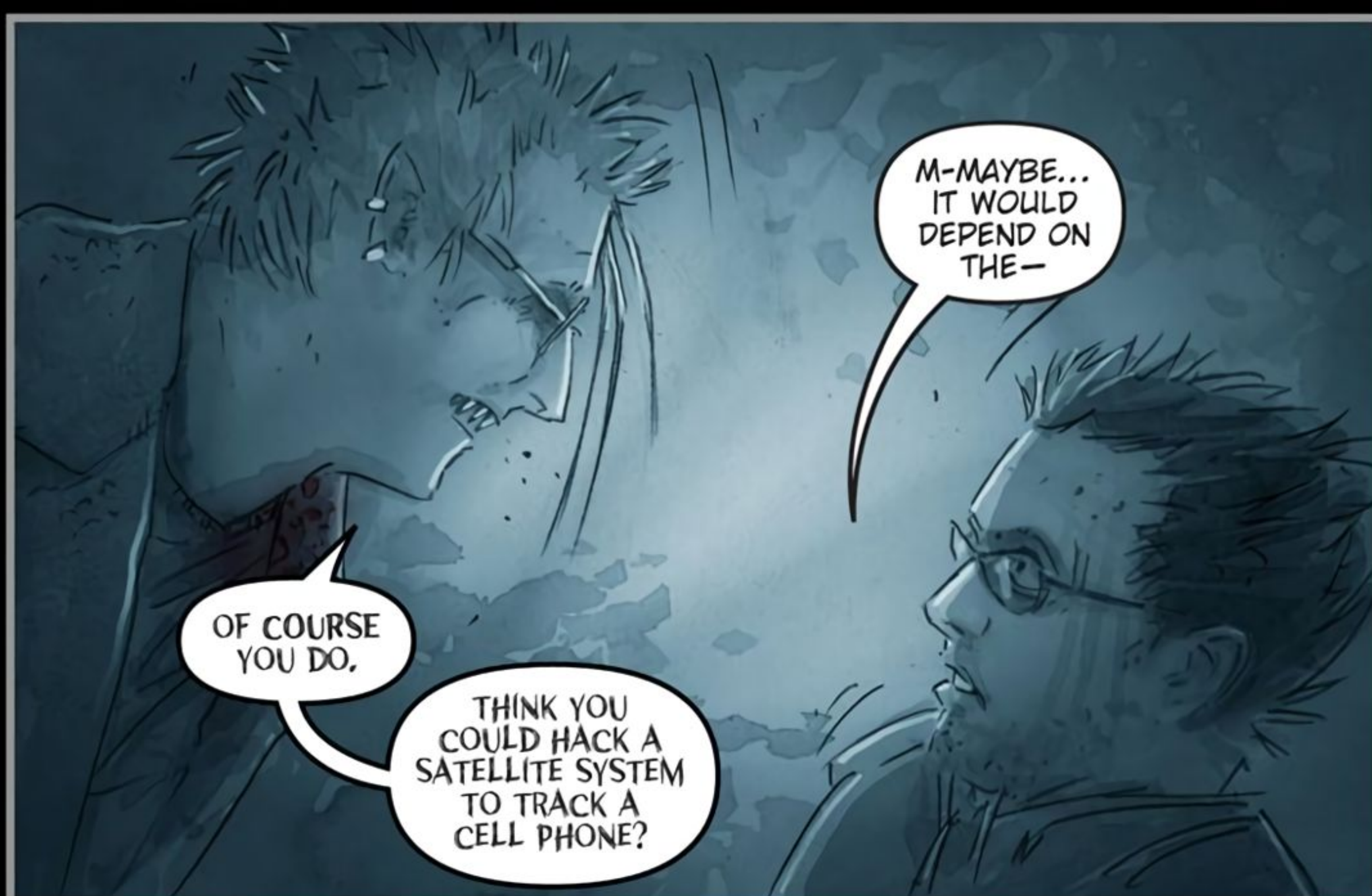
NOW, NOW, WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF ADVENTURE? WHEN A MYSTERIOUS LADY INVITES YOU TO FOLLOW HER AROUND A DARK CORNER...

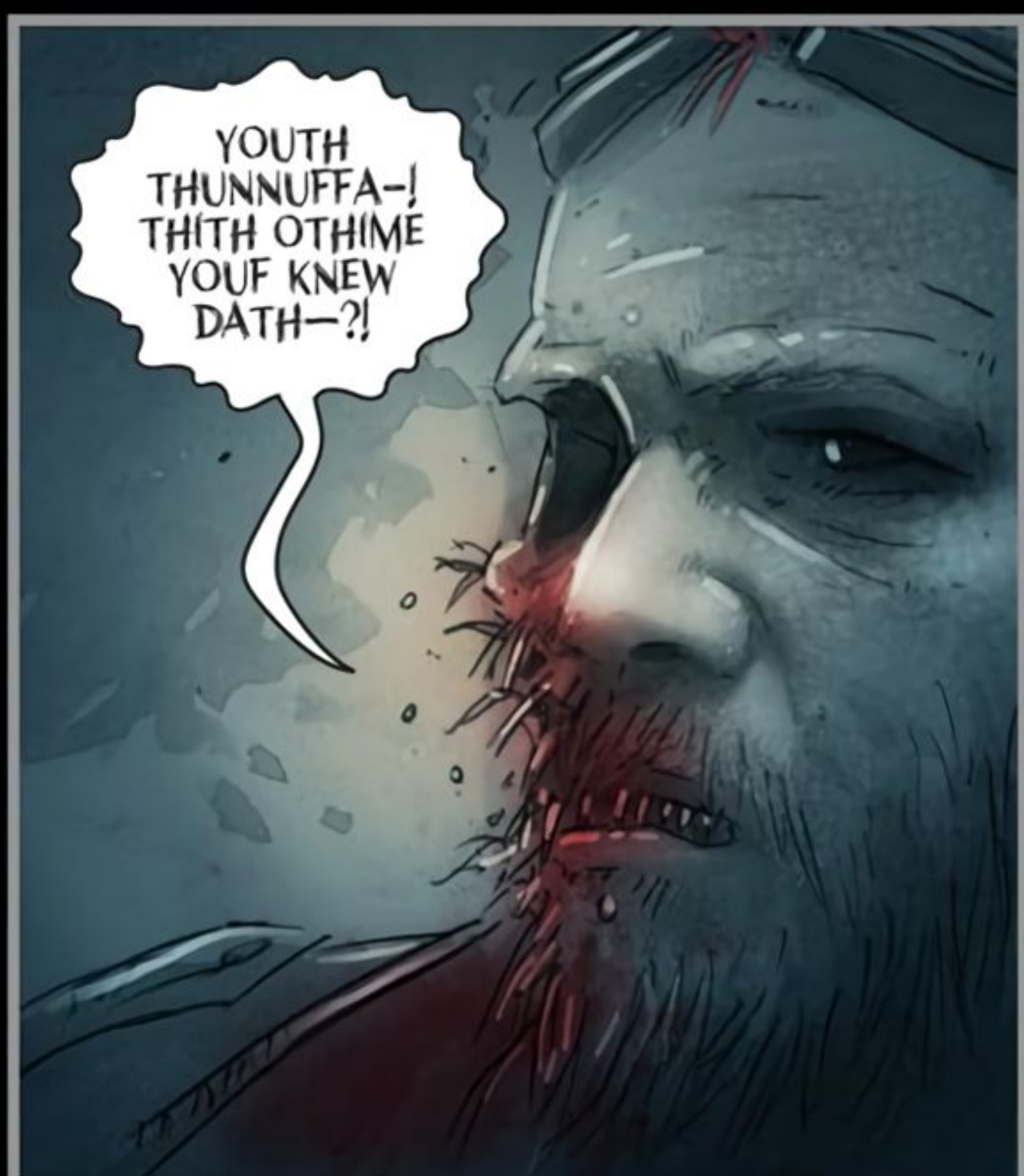
...YOU GO.















IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT *THEY* DO TO YOU... IT MATTERS HOW *YOU* REACT.

YOU CAN CHOOSE TO FACE YOUR DEATH WITH A *WARRIOR'S GRACE...*

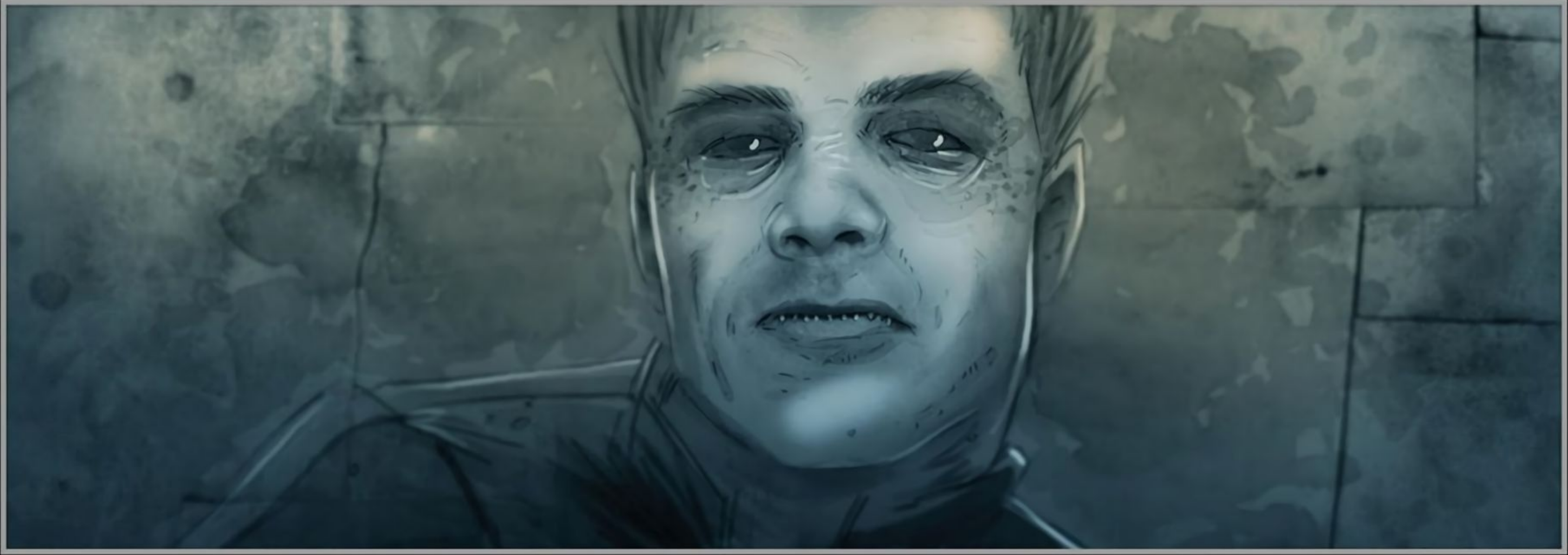


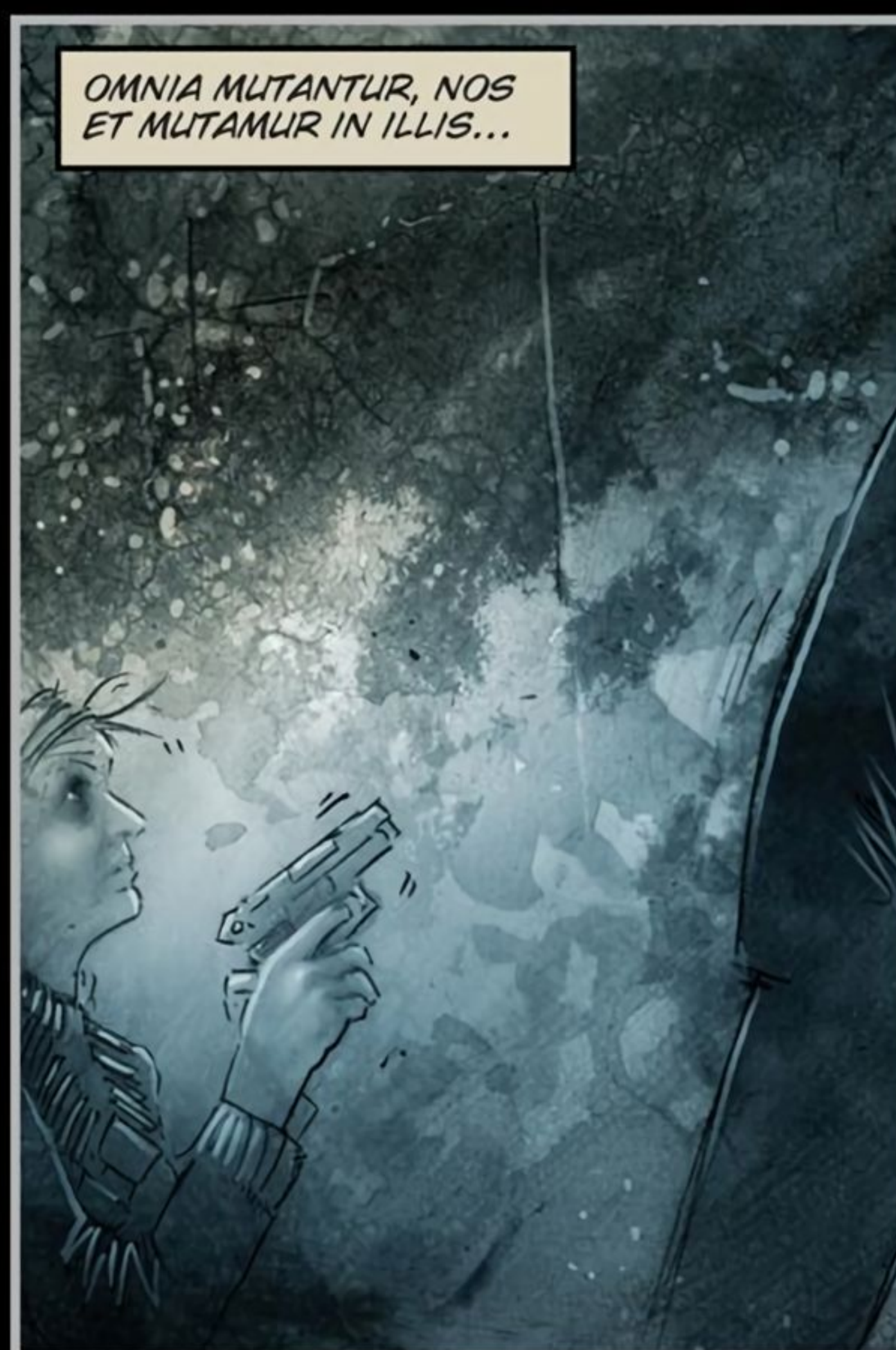
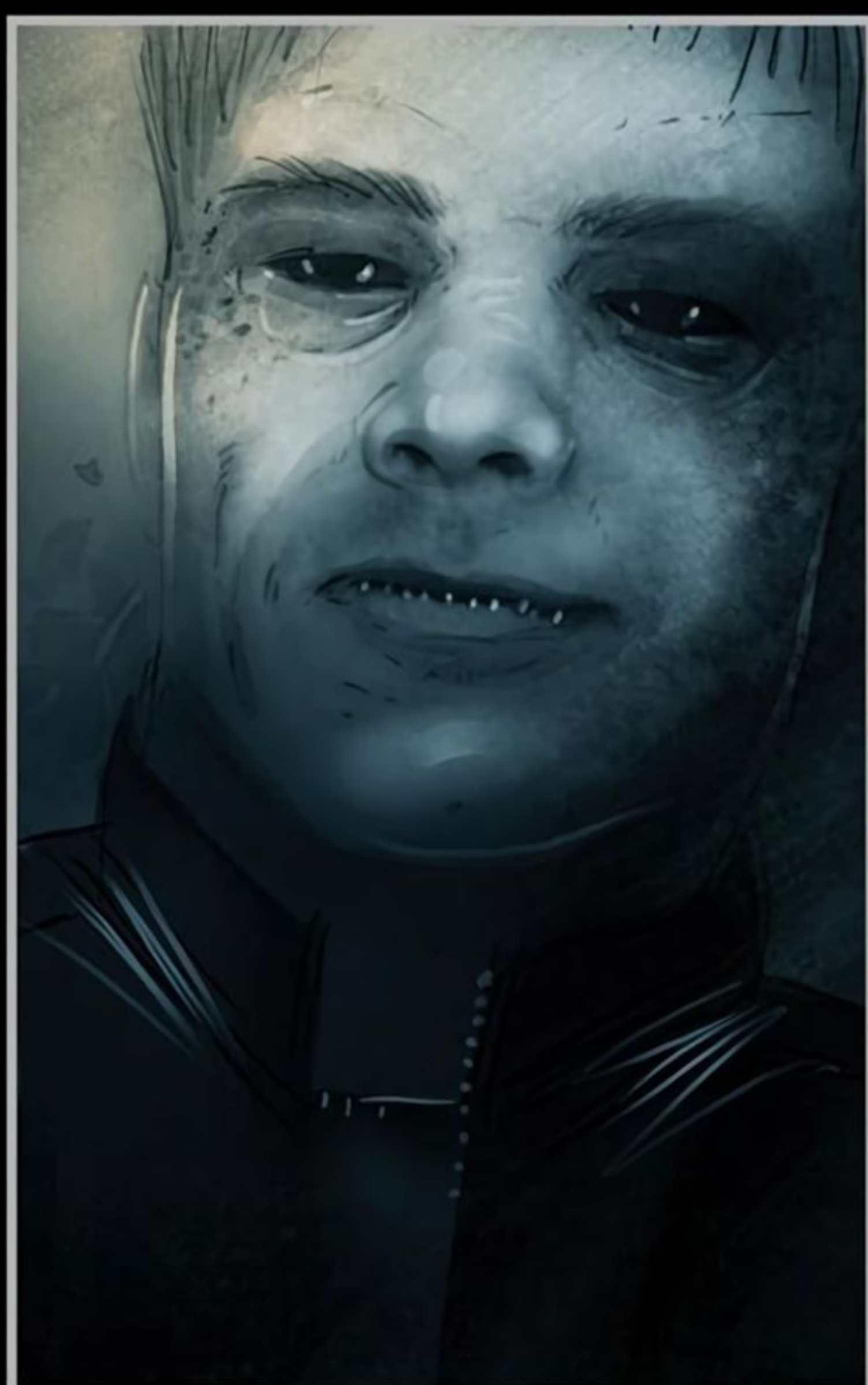
TO SET ASIDE *FEAR* AND *FURY* AND BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU KNEW *LOVE...*

IF YOU CAN DO *THAT*, THEN EVEN IF THEY KILL YOU...



YOU *WIN*.







MUCH BETTER...



YOUR TURN, KIDDO.

DOESN'T THAT FEEL NICE?



HOW ABOUT YOU AND I HIT THE RESET BUTTON, HUH? LET'S GO AWAY SOME PLACE, PUT ALL THIS BEHIND US.

WE DON'T HAVE TO BE WHAT THEY WANT US TO BE, WE'LL DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY FROM HERE ON OUT.



WHAT'S DONE IS DONE, KID...

WE CAN'T TAKE IT BACK.



WE CAN'T TAKE ANY OF IT BACK.

CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST
ANYMORE THAN WE CAN
CONTROL THE FUTURE.

SOME THINGS ARE JUST FATE.

YOU CAN HAVE THE
BEST OF INTENSIONS
AND STILL END UP...

...RIGHT...

...HERE.



REWIND.

NO, RICK, IT'S JUST A SCENARIO WE'RE RUNNING FOR ONE OF KEVIN'S SECURITY CLIENTS. KEVIN'S PLAYING A CEO'S KID WHO'S BEEN **ABDUCTED**...



HE'S WEARING A **SIGNAL EMITTER THING** AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO USE THIS **DOOHICKEY** TO FIND HIM...



...BUT I CAN'T GET THE STUPID BOX TO WORK, SO I NEED **YOU** TO RUN A TRACE ON HIS CREDIT CARD.

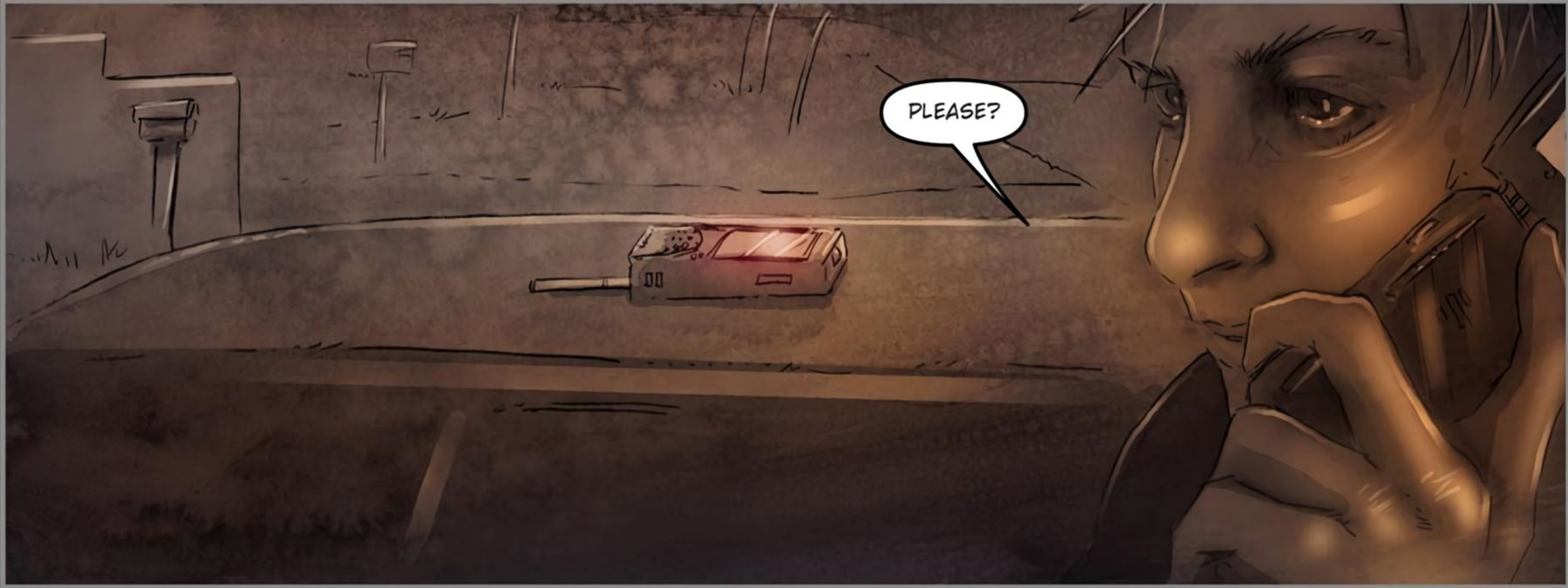


WOULD A KID HAVE A **CREDIT CARD**? LISTEN, STELLA, IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOUR TEST JUST **FAILED**—

—THIS IS **LA**, RICHARD! MY **DOG** GOT PRE-APPROVED CREDIT—AND HE'S BEEN **DEAD FOR FOUR YEARS!**



JUST... JUST RUN THE CARD, OKAY?



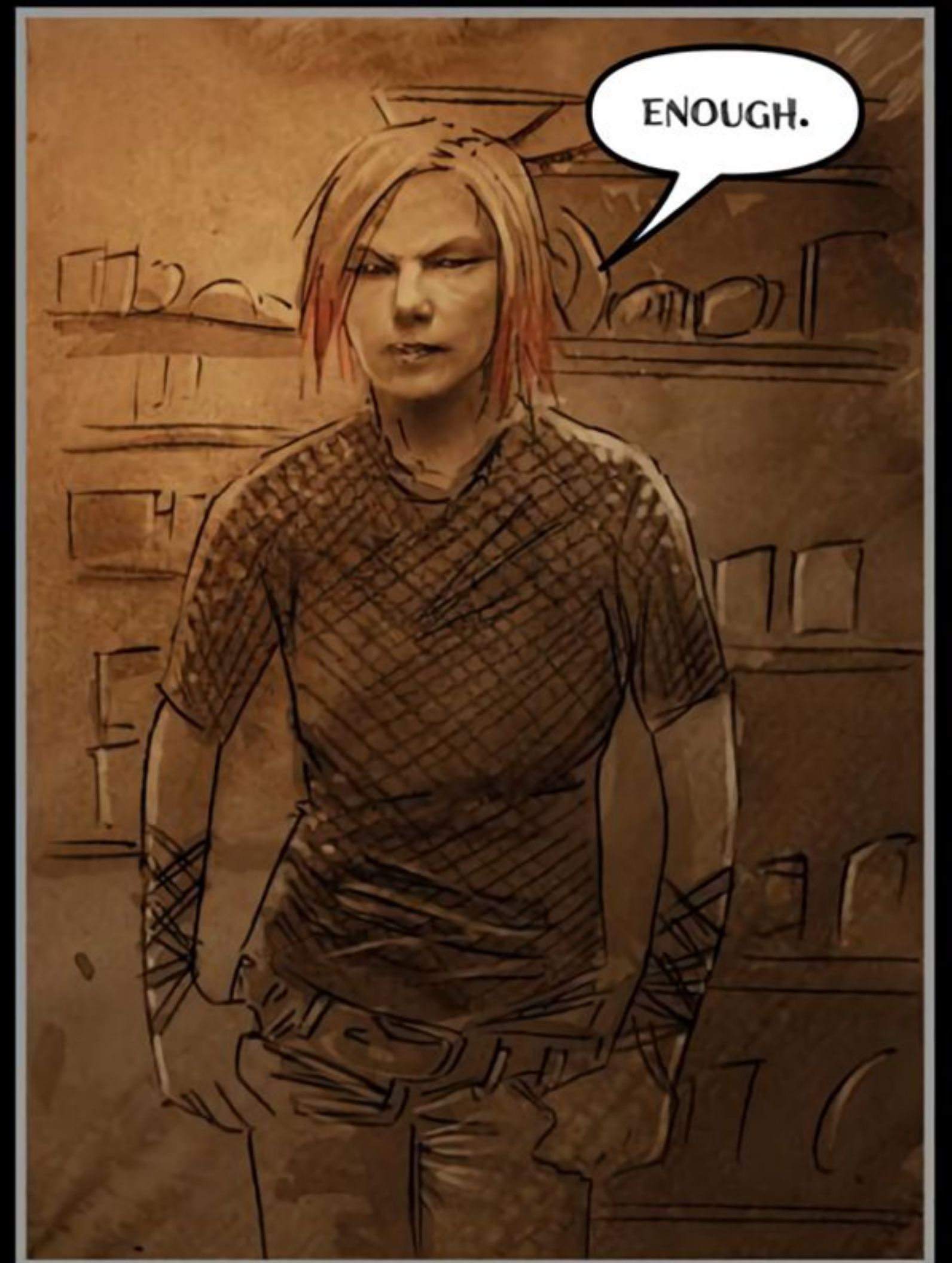
PLEASE?



OKAY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING...

ME, TOO.

**BIP...
BIP...
BIP...**







HELLO?
YEAH, I GOT
A TIP FOR
YOU.



IT'S ABOUT
YOUR DEAD
COPS...



I WISH
YOU COULD
HAVE MET
HIM...



OR MAYBE I DON'T...
JESUS, I DON'T EVEN KNOW.

THIS WAS ALL SO MUCH EASIER
WHEN I KNEW WHO THE GOOD
GUYS WERE. NOW...

I DON'T KNOW MY PART ANYMORE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE DANE
DIFFERENT, OR HOW LONG I'LL BE
ABLE TO FIGHT IT.



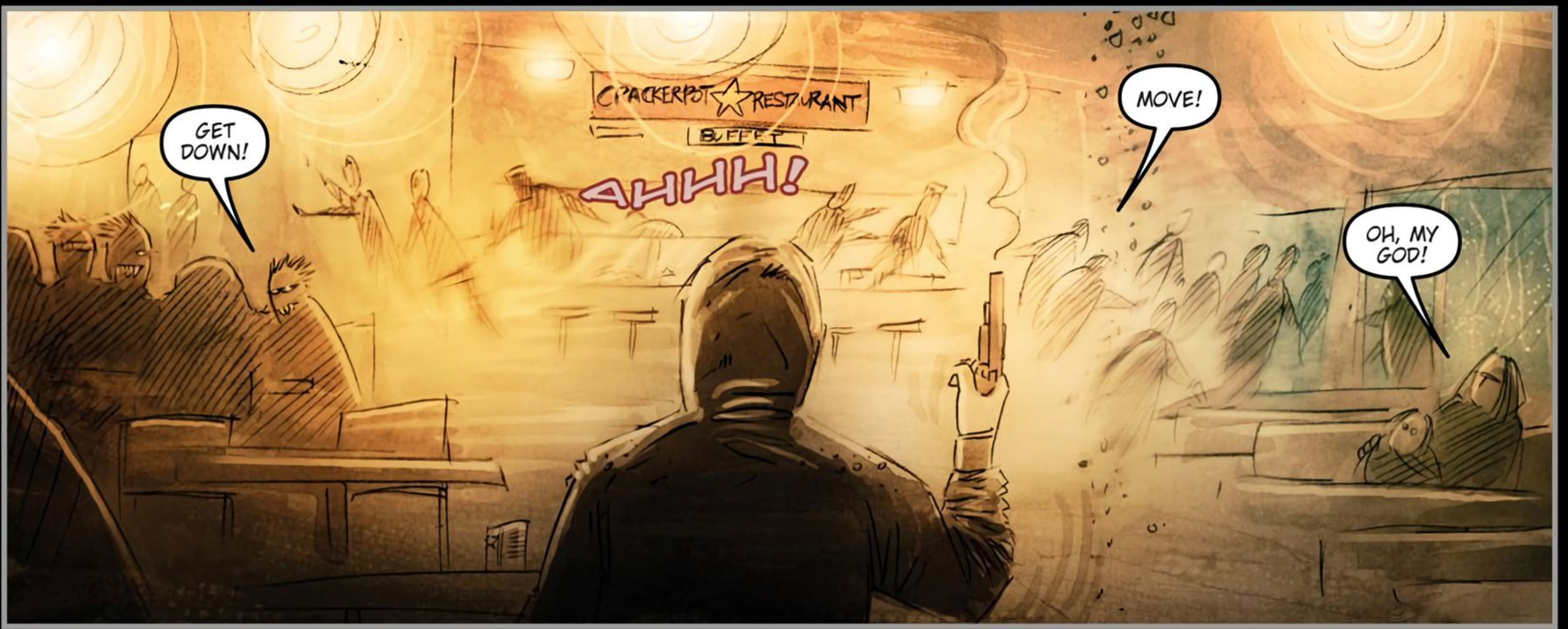
AND I
MISS EBEN,
KIDDO.

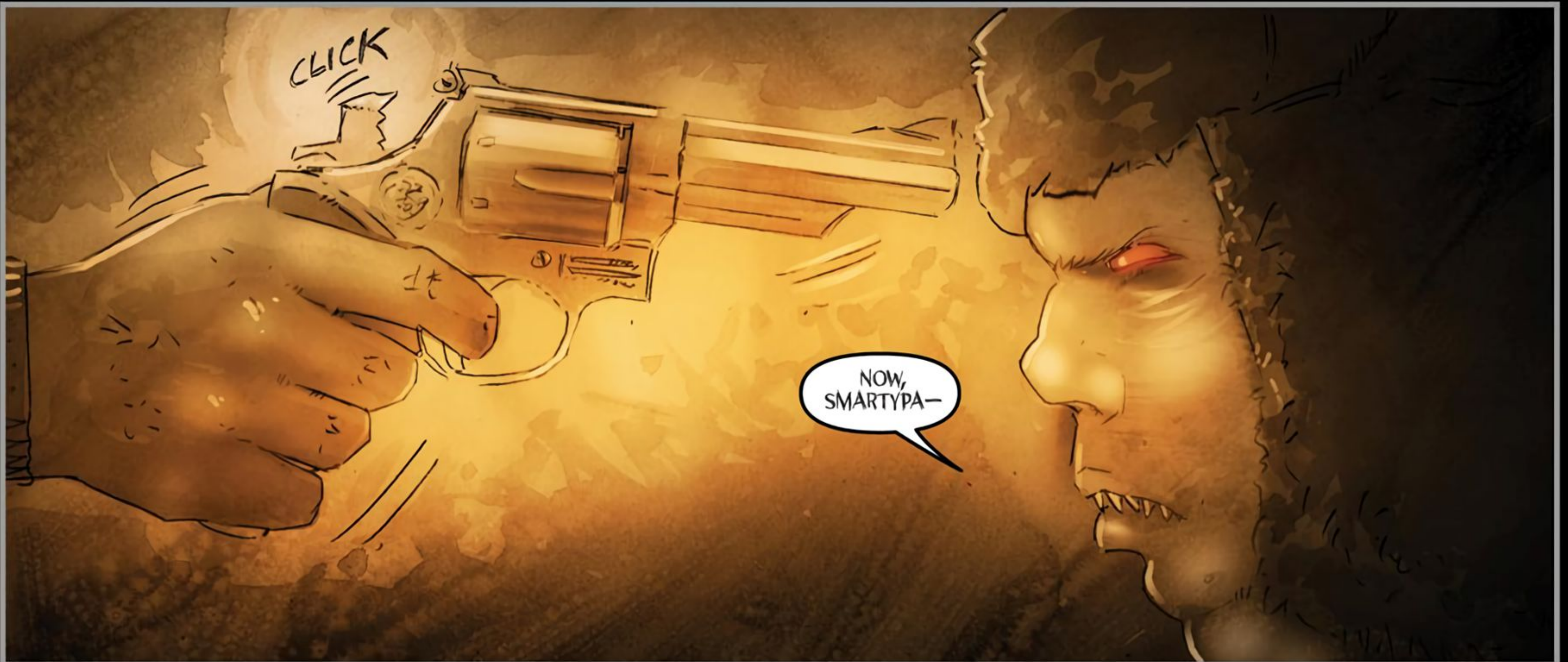
I MISS HIM SO MUCH.













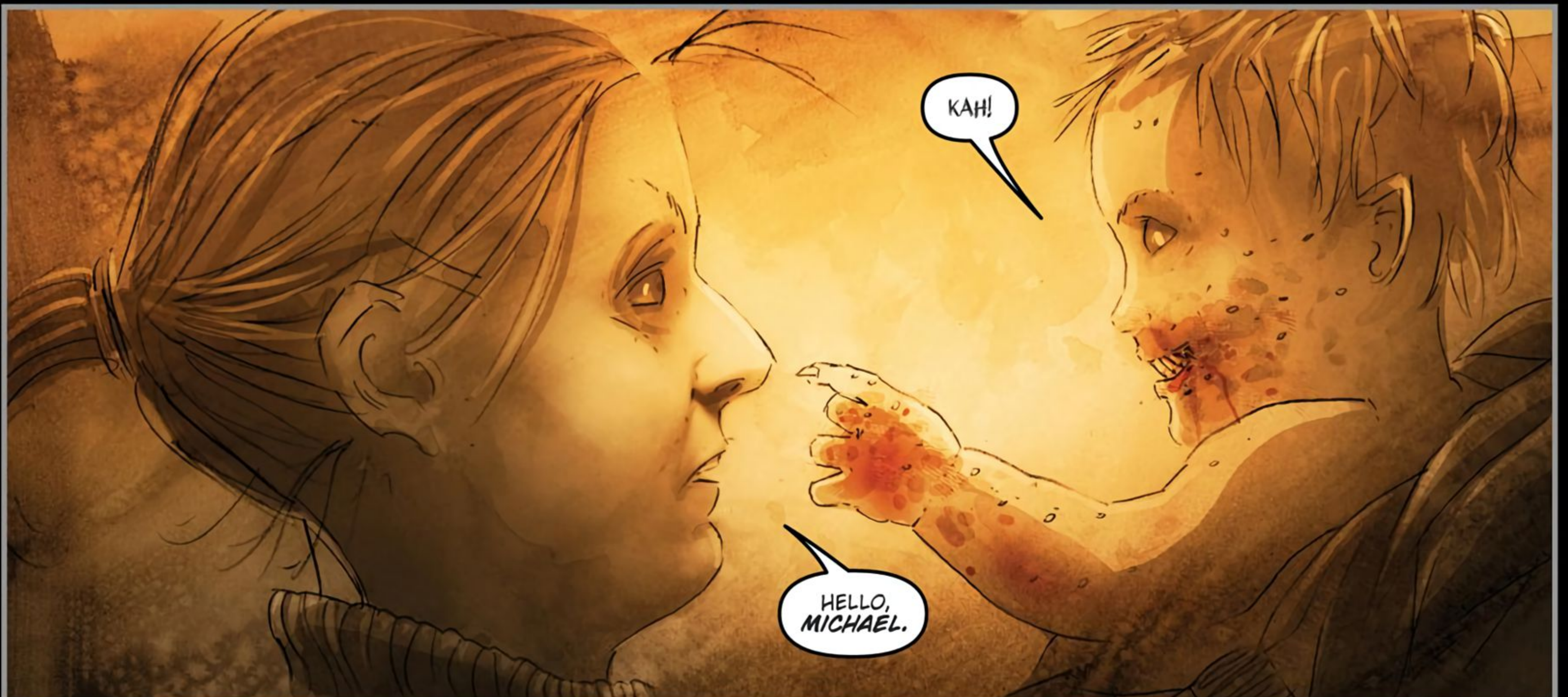




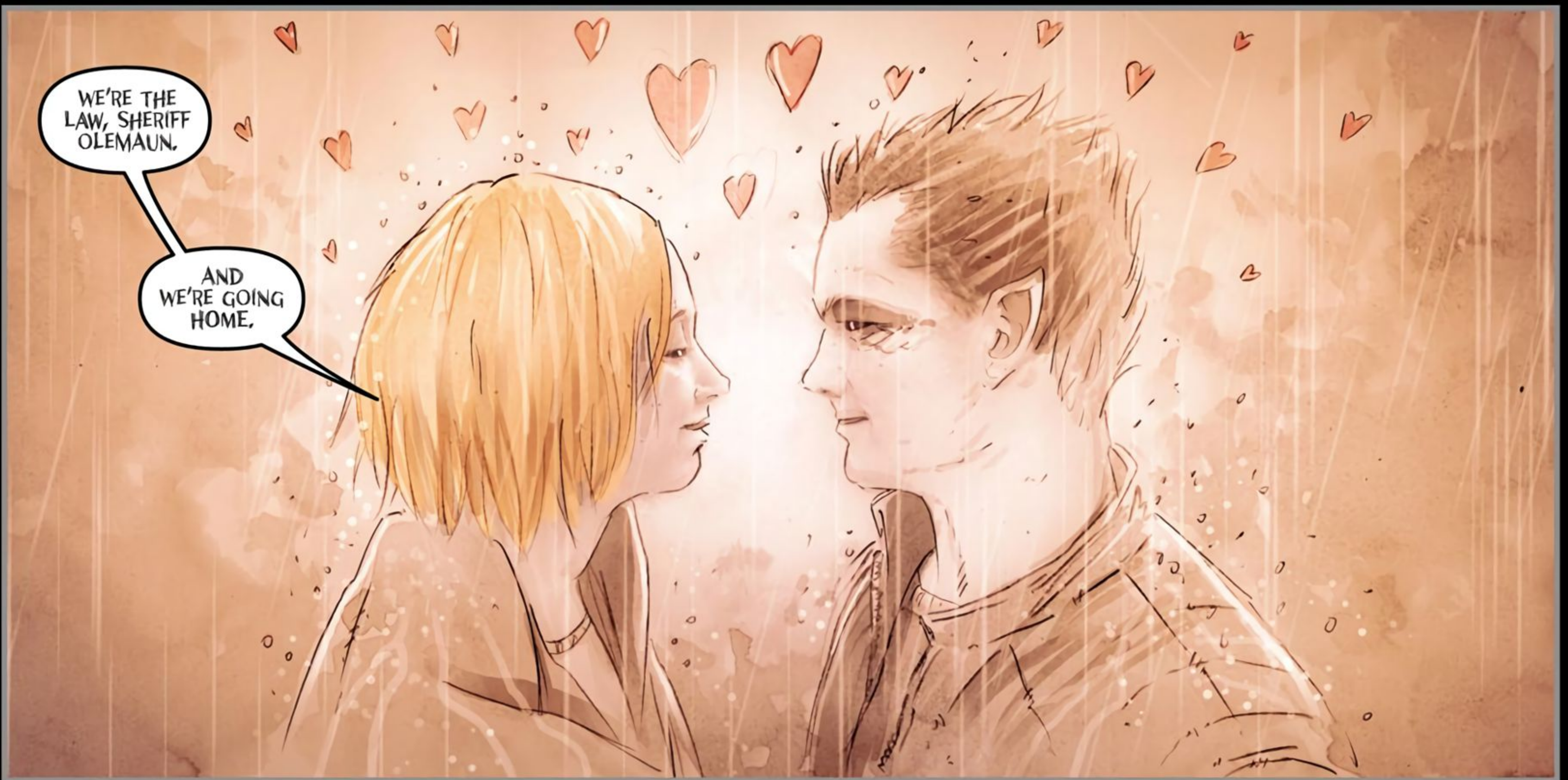












LOOKING BACK NOW, I SEE IT...



...IT HAD TO COME TO THIS,

END.

JUSTIN RANDALL ART GALLERY

**Presenting a collection of covers and
artwork for “30 Days of Night: Eben &
Stella,”**

Justin Randall is a commercial illustrator, a design lecturer, and a comic book artist from Australia. He graduated from Curtin University with an Honors degree on the language of comics and has also produced feature art for magazines, posters, editorials, and book covers. His illustration techniques are a combination of traditional painting, photography and digital rendering with a Wacom drawing tablet. He has a beautiful wife called Nikki, loves horror, barely sleeps, often daydreams, and enjoys drinking booze way too much.



07



Cover for Issue #2



1007





© 06

Unused Cover?



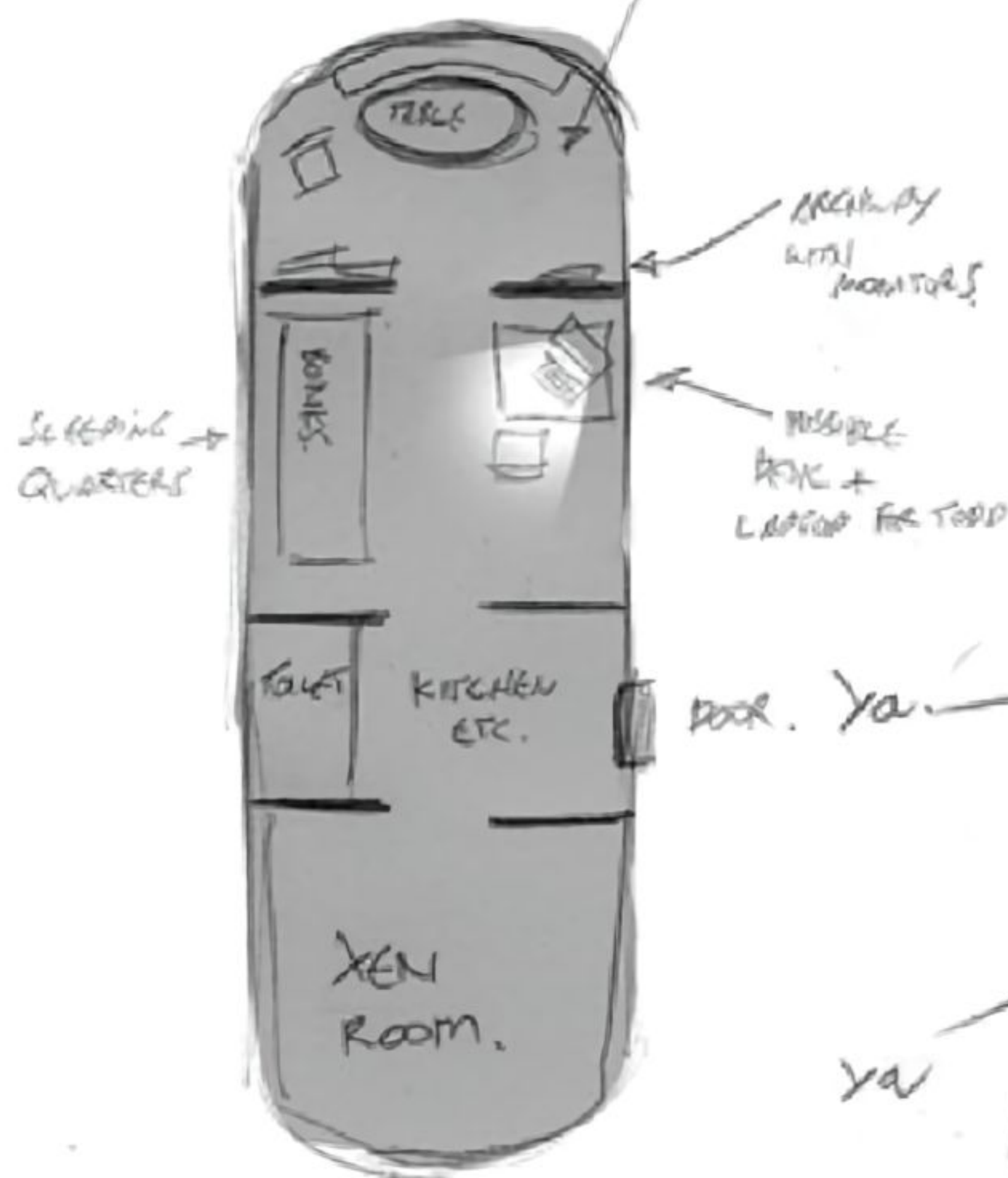
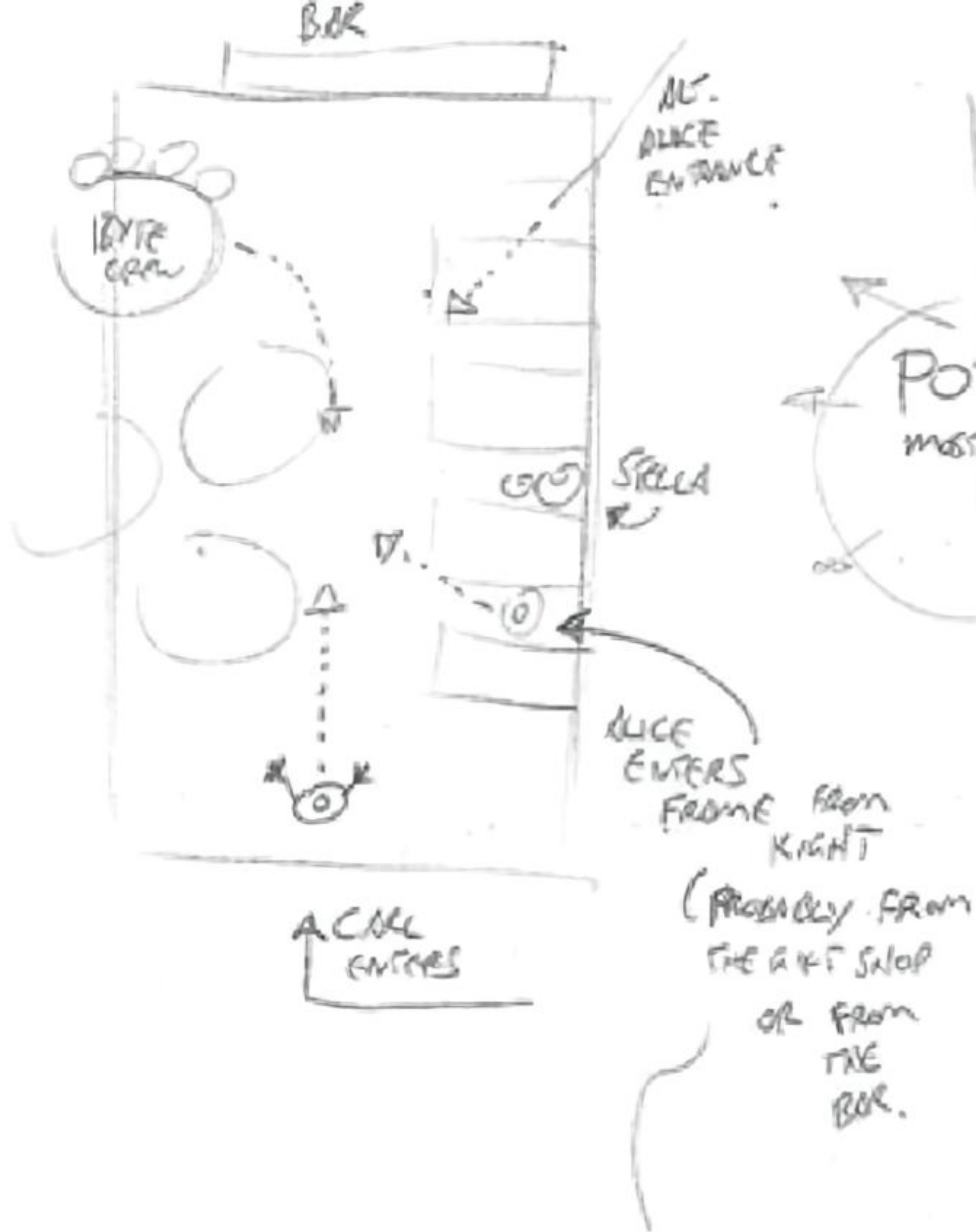
06

Unused Cover?



© 2006

Unused Cover?



Ya
look THIS
WAY A BIT.







Detail image of Alice's relative.



30 DAYS OF NIGHT

E B E N & S T E L L A TM



In the waning moments of *30 Days of Night: Dark Days*, Stella managed to bring her vampire/husband Eben back from beyond... only he came back hungry. Now, for the first time, see what happened next, in this collection that fills in the black gaps between that tale and *Return to Barrow*, courtesy of *30 Days* co-creator **Steve Niles**, **Kelly Sue DeConnick** and artist **Justin Randall**.



DR. VINK

WITH A VA-VA-VA

A DR. VINK POOR MAN'S RIP

LIBRARY LOANS THROUGH HOOPLA + OVERDRIVE
COMIXOLOGY + AMAZON PRIME + KINDLE
RIPPED WITH CALIBRE DEDRM



...AND I AM NOT A NUT BAG